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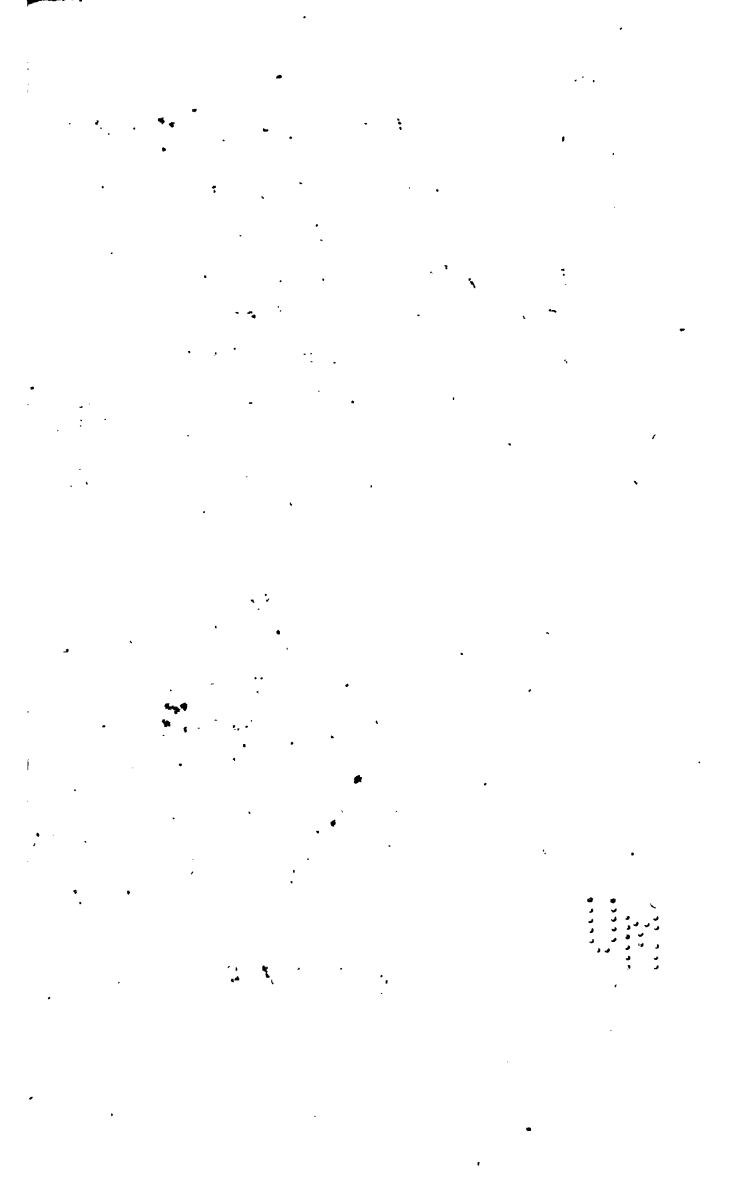

Honos erit huic quoque pomo ?
Virgil.

POEMS

ATTEMPTED

In the STYLE of

MILTON.

BY

Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS.*

With a new Account of his LIFE and WRITINGS.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand*, and T. LOWNDS in *Fleet-Street*.

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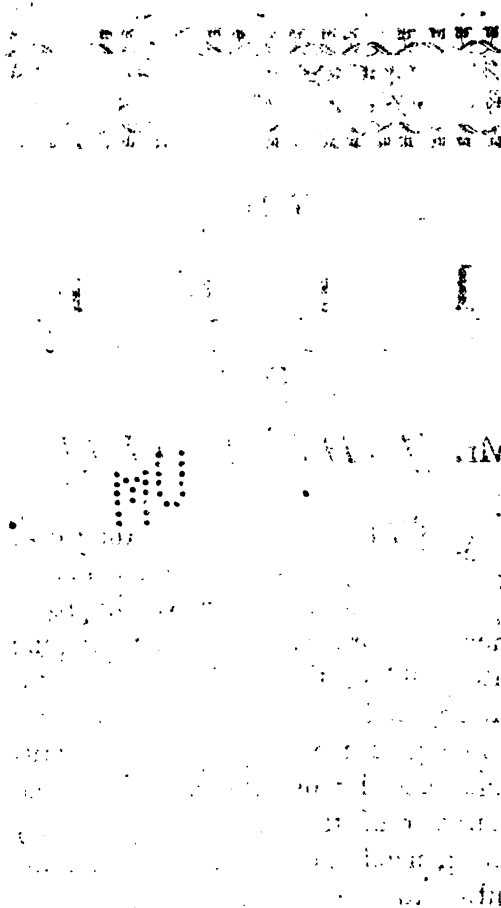

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THE LIFE OF Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS.*

AFTER we have read the works of a poet with pleaſure, and reflected upon them with improvement, we are naturally apt to inquire into his life, the manner of his education, and other little circumſtances which give a new beauty to his writings, and let us into the genius and character of their author. To ſatisfy this general inclination, and do ſome juſtice to the memory of Mr. *Philips*,

we ſhall give the world a ſhort account of him, and his few, but excellent, compoſitions.

John Philips, one of thoſe few poets whoſe muſe and manners were equally amiable, was born the 30th of *December* 1676 at *Bampton* in *Oxfordſhire*. His father, Dr. *Stephen Philips*, Arch-deacon of *Salop*, was miniſter there, and his ſon, being a boy of a moſt promiſing nature, but of a tender conſtitution, was inſtructed at home in the firſt rudiments of grammar, and then ſent to *Winchester*-ſchool. Here he preſently diſcovered the delicacy of his genius, his exerciſes being diſtinguiſhed above thoſe of his ſchool-fellows by a happy imitation of the claſſics. He had a quick reliſh of the force and elegance of their ſentiments as well as expreſſions, and did not want either ſkill or induſtry to make them his own. In the mean time, he became the darling of the whole place by

by the ſweetneſs of his temper; and while the maſter, a rigid diſciplinarian, diſpenſed, on account of his tenderneſs, with that ſtrict obſervance of thoſe rugged rules which was ſeverely exacted from the reſt; the boys themſelves were ſo far from murmuring at it, that they were even pleaſed with the diſtinction: though whilſt they were at play he ſeldom joined with them, but generally retired then to his chamber. It was in theſe intervals chiefly that he read *Milton*; however, this was not before he was well acquainted with both *Virgil* and *Homer*, and the frequent imitations he found of theſe authors in *Paradiſe Loſt*, falling in exactly with his own turn, hence he conceived an ardent paſſion for the *Engliſh* poet, and ſome ſmall pieces which he compoſed at this time, ſhewed that he had imbibed a good ſhare of *Milton*'s ſtyle and manner before he left *Winchester*. Thus qualified, he was re-

moved to *Oxford*, in the beginning of the year 1694, and placed in *Christ-church*, at a time when that college was in the height of its reputation, by the excellent ſenſe and ſpirit that flouriſhed there, under the conduct of Dr. *Aldrich*. Here he was received with open arms into the company and acquaintance of the moſt diſtinguiſhed wits, and as often as the ſtatutes of the univerſity, or the rules of his gaiety, called him to any publick exerciſes, his performances were conſtantly the talk and admiration of all that heard them; and they were only heard, for he was not willing they ſhould go any farther: ſince how much ſoever they might pleaſe others, yet he was not throughly ſatisfied with them himſelf. Nor did thoſe who knew and loved him beſt chuſe to diſtreſs his modeſty, by puſhing him in that point. It was this modeſty, and the uncommon ſimplicity of his manners, that more particularly endeared

endeared him to them; and they were compleatly happy in the enjoyment of his converſation, in which his undiſguiſed ſincerity was continually enlivened with a kind of chearfulneſs which innocence alone can give, heightned with a mirth that was wholly raiſed by a genteel and delicate raillery, without ever degenerating into ridicule. After he came to *Oxford*, *Milton*'s muſe became his chief delight; and the greateſt part of his ſtudy for ſome years was laid out in tracing the ſteps by which that author grew to perfection. We are told, that there is not a ſingle alluſion in *Paradiſe Loſt*, drawn from the thoughts and expreſſions of the *Greek* or *Latin* poet, which he could not immediately refer to; and that this was the way whereby he came to perceive what a peculiar life and grace their ſentiments added to *Engliſh* poetry; how much their images raiſed its ſpirit, and what

weight and beauty their works, when tranſlated, gave to its language. He was likewiſe led, by the example of his darling *Milton*, to conſult the works of our old *Engliſh* poets *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*. By theſe aſſiſtances he made himſelf abſolute maſter of the true extent and compaſs of his mother-tongue, and we ſee afterwards, in his writings, he did not ſcruple to revive any words or phraſes which he thought deſerved it. Yet this was done with that modeſt liberty which *Horace* allows of, either in the coining of new, or reſtoring of ancient expreſſions; and to that modeſty it was owing that he ſucceeded ſo happily in this dangerous attempt. Nor was this attempt made at all, till long after the time we are now ſpeaking of; for as the delight which Mr. *Philips* took in reading the poets, was that alone which firſt drew his attention to their works, ſo he continued reading purely

purely for his pleaſure; in this he gratified his delicacy and improved his taſte, and he aimed at nothing further. That delicacy which led him to ſtudy the beſt poets proved a ſufficient check to his modeſty, and reſtrained him from forming any plan of appearing in public himſelf. Beſides, he had no uneaſy thirſt after fame; indeed, the diſpoſition of his mind was happily adapted to the tender frame of his body. How much ſoever he was ſtruck with the majeſty, fire, and force of *Milton*'s muſe, yet he had no ſhare in the heat and paſſion of that author's temper. In this he ſeemed entirely to be formed in *Virgil*'s mould, whom he much loved and admired; and as it is ſaid of *Milton*, that he could repeat the beſt part of *Homer*; ſo Mr. *Philips*, we are informed, could do the ſame of *Virgil*; like the *Roman*, he had no ambition to gratify, being beſt fitted by nature for that which he was moſt

fond

fond of, the quiet enjoyment of his muſe, in the company of a few ſelect friends of his own taſte and temper, and his acquaintance was among the beſt and politeſt of the univerſity. But he ſeems to have had the higheſt delight in the friendſhip of Mr. *Edmund Smith*, the author of *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*. This gentleman (who was fellow-collegian with Mr. *Philips*) it is well known ſat as unanxiouſly eaſy as he did, even in a much humbler fortune; and the bent of their ſtudies lying the ſame way, they frequently communicated their thoughts to each other. This, no doubt, was as pleaſant as any part of Mr. *Philips*'s life, who had a ſoul capable of reliſhing all the fineſt enjoyments of ſublime, virtuous, and elegant ſpirits. How much it affected Mr. *Smith* he alone was able to expreſs, nor perhaps could he have done it ſo fully, had not the occaſion of writing a poem to his friend's

friend's memory impreſſed on him a rapturous ſenſibility of his own loſs. In ſtudying poetry Mr. *Philips* was wholly attentive to whatever helped to preſerve or raiſe its dignity, and by continually converſing with *Milton* and the Ancients, his ear became habituated to the harmony of their numbers. Beſides, as he ſaw the art was removed from its proper ſtandard, ſo he thought it had loſt much of its true worth in *England* by the gingle of rhyme; which conſequently was better avoided. He was fond of hiſtory and antiquities, and the accurate knowledge he had acquired, eſpecially in thoſe of his own country, ſhews which way he ſpent a good part of his time; he made uſe of ſome part of this acquiſition afterwards to enrich his poetry, where the extent of his reading this way, as well as his exact ſkill in applying it, is ſet to the beſt advantage. It was the firſt deſign of his

friends

friends to breed him to the profeſſion of phyſic, and though the very infirm ſtate of his health would not ſuffer him to purſue that plan they had laid out for him, yet his inclinations were very ſtrongly bent that way. He was paſſionately fond both of the hiſtory and philoſophy of nature. Indeed, next to his muſe, botany was his greateſt delight as well as accompliſhment; and his own ill health diſabling him from applying his ſkill in the care of another's, he determined to recommend its uſefulneſs to the world. This was the firſt motive which put him upon the thoughts of writing on that ſubject, and this thought he executed in the poem which he intitled *Cyder*. The general deſign was formed long before he left *Oxford*, though the particular plan was not ſettled then, which he tells us himſelf, he was directed in the choice of, from the paſſion he had to do ſome honour to his native country. However,

the

the foundation of it was laid in the university, and the first book composed there; but he was called to town before he had made any considerable progress: in the second, which was perfected there, he exerted all the power of genius and art to make it compleat, and it is one, if not the only, finished poem of that length extant in our language. We must not omit to take notice, that the custom of smoking tobacco was highly in vogue when Mr. *Philips* came first to college, from the example of the celebrated Dean *Aldrich*, whose incessant use of it was an entertaining topic of discourse many years afterwards, concerning which the following story is related; A young student laid a wager with his chum that the Dean was at that instant smoking his pipe, *viz.* about ten o'clock in the morning. Away therefore, he goes to the Deanry, where being admitted to the Dean in his study,

he

he presently relates the occasion of his visit. To which the Dean replied in perfect good humour, you see, Sir, you have lost your wager, for I am not smoking, but filling my pipe. It is no wonder therefore that he fell in with the general taste, which recommended itself the rather to him as he felt some relief from it; he has descended to sing its praises in more than one place, and his *Splendid Shilling* owes some part of its lustre to the happy introduction of a tobacco-pipe. This piece, the first of his that appeared in publick, stole its way into the world without his privity, and being printed from no very correct copy, that induced him, though not till some time after, to give a genuine edition of it. He was little anxious what fate it met with among the generality, the manuscript had diverted the choice circle of his friends, and his aim in it reached no farther. This happened not

long

long before the much famed action at *Blenheim*, in 1704, where the Duke of *Marlborough* gained that victory, which deservedly filled the world with his praises. The Earls of *Godolphin* and *Halifax* had eagerly set Mr. *Addison*'s pen to work upon this occasion, and fired his poetic faculty with the assured hopes of a very extraordinary reward. On the other side, their two competitors, *Harley* and St. *John*, afterwards Earl of *Oxford* and Viscount *Bolingbroke*, pitched upon our author as perfectly capable of doing justice in his country on this subject. While Mr. *Philips* was in town he resided in Mr. St. *John*'s house, and has celebrated the kindness and generosity of his host in a *Latin* ode in *Horace*'s manner, which is undoubtedly a masterpiece. It is all of his that we have left in this kind, but from it we may form a judgment, that his writings in that language were not inferior to those, he has

left

left us in our own; and as *Horace* was one of his darling authors, we need not queſtion his ability to excel in his way, as well as that of his admired *Virgil*. Our author's poem, intitled *Bleinheim*, was publiſhed in 1705; and the next year he finiſhed that upon *Cyder*; which after his deceaſe, was tranſlated into *Italian*, by a nobleman of *Florence*. His next deſign was that of writing a poem upon the reſurrection, and the day of judgment, but this he did not live to execute, otherwiſe he would very probably have excelled upon a ſubject, for which he was exactly adapted. That ſubject indeed, was only proper to be treated of in the ſolemn ſtyle, which he makes uſe of, and by one whoſe juſt notions of religion and a true ſpirit of poetry, could have carried his reader without a wild enthuſiaſm.

—*extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, Lucret.

This

This is not obtruded upon the reader as a bare conjecture of our own, but we have the authority of Mr. *Smith* for it, who was undeniably a competent judge of the ſcheme which our author had laid down, and probably had ſeen the firſt rudiments of his deſign; but Mr. *Philips's* diſtemper increaſing obliged him to drop the purſuit of this, and all other views, beſides that of his health; he had been long troubled with a lingring conſumption, attended with an aſthma, a painful diſorder, and had ſuffered many ſevere conflicts under it, without betraying any diſcontent or uneaſineſs; the integrity of his heart ſtill preſerving the chearfulneſs of his ſpirits, and the ſingular goodneſs of his nature engaging his friends in the tendereſt and moſt endearing offices to him on theſe occaſions. By the advice of his Phyſicians he went to *Bath*, the ſummer before his death; here the ableſt of the faculty (by

whom he was generally beloved) readily gave him their beſt aſſiſtance, and ſome preſent eaſe they did procure him, upon which he left the place, though with ſmall hopes of recovery. Upon his removal from *Bath* he went to *Hereford*, where his mother was ſtill living, and where the aſthma returning in the winter put a period to his life, *February* 15, 1708, in the entrance almoſt upon the thirty-third year of his age. He was interred in the cathedral-church of *Hereford* by his mother, who cauſed the following inſcription to be put upon his grave-ſtone.

JOHAN-

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708. / Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,
Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,
Si Tumulum desideras, Templum adi *Westmonaste-*
rienſe,
Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa & præclara;
Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decorat
Inscriptio.
Quàm interim erga Cognatus pius & officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum
A *MARIA PHILIPS* Matre ipsius pientissimâ,
Dilecti Filii Memoriæ non sine Lacrymis dicatum.

But beſides this, a monument was erected to his memory, in the place called the Poets Corner in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, by Sir *Simon* afterwards Lord *Harcourt*, and Lord-Chancellor of *England*. It is a neat Buſto in profile, with this motto,

Honos erit huic quoque pomo. VIRG.

And the following epitaph was wrote by Dr. *Friend*, which has this very ſingular merit, that we there ſee a very great and at the ſame time a very juſt character expreſſed upon a monument without flattery.

Here-

Herefordiæ conduntur Oſſa,
Hoc in Delubro ſtatuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui Viris bonis doctiſque juxta charus,
Immortale ſuum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi Candore,
Eximiâ morum ſimplicitate,
Honeſtavit.
Litterarum Amœniorum ſitim,
Quam *Wintoniæ* Puer ſentire cœperat,
Inter *Ædis Chriſti* Alumnos jugiter explevit,
In illo Muſarum Domicilio
Præclaris Æmulorum ſtudiis excitatus,
Optimis ſcribendi Magiſtris ſemper intentus,
Carmina ſermone Patrio compoſuit
A Græcis Latiniſque fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romaniſque auribus omnino digna,
Verſuum quippe Harmoniam

Rythmo didicerat.
Antiquo illo, libero, Multiformi
Ad res ipſas apto prorſus, & attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus
Non Clauſularum ſimiliter cadentium ſono
Metiri:
Uni in hoc laudis genere, *Miltono* ſecundus,
Primoque pœne Par.
Res ſeu Tenues, ſeu Grandes, ſeu Mediocres
Ornandas ſumſerat,
Nuſquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, & aſſecutus eſt,
Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,
Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.
Fas ſit Huic,
Auſo licèt à tuâ Metrorum Lege diſcedere,
O Poeſis Anglicanæ Pater, atque Conditor *Chaucere*
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique ſtipantium
Non dedecebit Chorum.

SIMON

SIMON HARCOURT Miles,
Viri benè de ſe, dequo Literis meriti
Quoad viveret, Fautor,
Poſt Obitum piè memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS, STEPHANI, S. T. P. Archidiaconi
Salop, *Filius, natus eſt* Bamptoniæ
in agro Oxon. *Dec.* 30, 1676.
Obiit Herefordiæ, *Feb.* 15, 1708.

A

POEM

To the Memory of

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

A

POEM

To the Memory of

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

Inſcribed to the Hon. Mr. TREVOR.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

SIR,

SINCE our *Iſis* ſilently deplores
The bard who ſpread her fame to diſtant ſhores;
Since nobler pens their mournful lays ſuſpend;
My honeſt zeal, if not my verſe, commend.
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.

Your care had long his fleeting life reſtrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear ſake long reſtleſs nights you bore
While rat'ling coughs his heaving veſſels tore,
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.

Oh!

Oh! had no ſummons from the noiſy gown
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauſeous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull diſeaſe prevail'd
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled phyſick fail'd;
But ſince the will of heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthleſs lines ſucceed;
Fruitleſs our hopes, tho' pious our eſſays,
Yours to preſerve a friend, and mine to praiſe.
Oh might I paint him in *Miltonian* verſe,
With ſtrains like thoſe he ſung on *Gloſter*'s herſe:
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And wanting ſtrength to riſe, deſcend to rhyme.
With other fire his glorious *Bleinheim* ſhines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines;
His nervous verſe great *Boileau*'s ſtrength tranſcends,
And *France* to *Philips*, as to *Churchil* bends.
Oh! various bard, you all our pow'rs controul,
You now diſturb, and now divert the ſoul:
Milton and *Butler* in thy muſe combine,
Above the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine;

For

For as I've ſeen when rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
This with a look demure, and ſteady eyes,
With dry rebukes, or ſneering praiſe replies.
So thy grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
Reach *Butler*'s fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle;
He ſpeaks *Scarron*'s low phraſe in humble ſtrains,
In thee the ſolemn air of great *Cervantes* reigns.

What ſounding lines his abject themes expreſs,
What ſhining words the pompous *Shilling* dreſs!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins riſe.
In her beſt light the comick muſe appears,
When ſhe, with borrow'd pride the buſkin wears.

So when nurſe *Nokes* to act young *Ammon* tries,
With ſhambling legs, long chin, and fooliſh eyes;
With dangling hands he ſtrokes th' imperial robe,
And, with a cuckold's air commands the Globe;

The pomp and ſound the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
And *Ammon*'s ſon more mirth than *Gomez* made.
Forgive, dear ſhade, the ſcene my folly draws,
Thy ſtrains divert the grief thy aſhes cauſe:
When *Orpheus* ſings the ghoſts no more complain,
But in his lulling muſick loſe their pain:
So charm the ſallies of thy *Georgick* muſe,
So calm our ſorrows, and our joys infuſe;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inſpire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,
Like that fair tree you praiſe, the poem charms,
Cobs like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
Bleſt clime, which *Vaga*'s fruitful ſtreams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her *Coſmo*'s love;
Redſtreak he quaffs beneath the *Chianti* vine,
Gives *Tuſcan* yearly for thy *Scud'more*'s wine,
And ev'n his *Taſſo* would exchange for thine.
Riſe, riſe, *Roſcommon*, ſee the *Bleinheim* muſe,
The dull conſtraint of monkiſh rhyme refuſe;

See o'er the *Alps* his tow'ring pinions soar,
Where never *English* poet reach'd before:
See mighty *Cæsar's* counsellor and friend,
By turns on *Cæsar* and the bard attend;
Rich in the coins and busts of ancient *Rome*,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home;
In them he views her gods, and dames design'd,
In him the soul of *Rome*, and *Virgil's* mighty mind:
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern, as translate.
Our *Spenser*, first by *Pisan* poets taught,
To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought.
To follow ours now *Tuscan* bards descend,
From *Philips* borrow, tho' to *Spenser* lend,
Like *Philips* too the yoke of rhyme disdain;
They first on *English* bards impos'd the chain,
First by an *English* bard from rhyme their freedom gain.
Tyrannick rhyme, that cramps to equal chime,
The gay, the soft, the florid and sublime;

Some

Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides;
I'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties,
Procruſtes like, the ax or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled ſenſe, or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a crutch that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the ſtrong;
And the chance thoughts when govern'd by the cloſe,
Oft riſe to fuſtian, or deſcend to proſe.
Your judgment, *Philips*, rul'd with ſteady ſway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme the muſe to ſtay
To ſtop her fury or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or ſecurely ſoar.
So the ſtretch'd cord the ſhackled-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to riſe;
When freed he moves, the ſturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleaſure, and ſecure deſcends;
Now dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant ground,
Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.

Rail

Rail on, ye triflers, who to *Will*'s repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
Rail on at *Milton*'s son, who wisely bold
Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus *Chaucer* lives in younger *Spenser*'s strains,
In *Marv*'s page reviving *Ennius* reigns;
The ancient words the majesty compleat,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the Queen in royal habit's dreſt,
Old myſtick emblems grace th' imperial veſt,
And in *Eliza*'s robes all *Anna* ſtands conſeſt:

A haughty bard to fame by volumes rais'd,
At *Dick*'s and *Batſon*'s, and thro' *Smithfield* prais'd,
Cries out aloud——Bold *Oxford* bard forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critick ſoars,
But paints in fuſtian, or in turn deplores;
With *Banyan*'s ſtyle profanes heroic ſongs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;

For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull *Lucifer* complain;
His envious muſe by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems, and contrives the worſt.

Beyond his praiſe or blame thy works prevail,
Compleat where *Dryden* and thy *Milton* fail;
Great *Milton*'s wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And *Dryden* oft in rhyme his weakneſs hides;
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble ſubjects, great appear.
Thrice happy youth, whom noble *Iſis* crowns!
Whom *Blackmore* cenſures, and *Godolphin* owns;
So on the tuneful *Margarita*'s tongue
The liſt'ning nymphs, and raviſh'd heroes hung;
But cits and fops the heav'n-born muſick blame,
And bawl, and hiſs, and damn her into fame;
Like her ſweet voice is thy harmonious ſong,
As high, as ſweet, as eaſy, and as ſtrong.

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days,
The tow'ring bard had ſung in nobler lays,

How

How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread;
How op'ning Heav'ns their happy regions ſhow,
And dawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow,
And ſaints rejoice above, and ſinners howl below:
Well might he ſing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.

Oh beſt of friends, will ne'er the ſilent urn
To our juſt vows the hapleſs youth return?
Muſt he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor ſparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmleſs irony deſcend,
To noiſy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in falſe pathetick phraſe complain
Of *Delia*'s wit, her charms, and her diſdain?
Who now ſhall God-like *Anna*'s fame diffuſe?
Muſt ſhe, when moſt ſhe merits, want a muſe?

Who now our *Dryden*'s glorious fate ſhall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell:
How while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the ſtunning dinn reſound;
Through ſtreams of ſmoak, and adverſe fire he rides;
While ev'ry ſhot is levell'd at his ſides;
How, while the fainting *Dutch* remotely fire,
And the fam'd *Eugene*'s iron troops retire,
In the firſt front amidſt a ſlaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near *Great Argyle*.

Whom ſhall I find unbyaſs'd in diſpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my ſoul diſcloſe,
Reveal my pleaſure, or diſcharge my woes?
Oh! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The beſt of ſons, of brothers, and of friends.
He ſacred friendſhip's ſtricteſt laws obey'd,
Yet more by conſcience than by friendſhip ſway'd,
Againſt himſelf his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours paſt, not future proſpects gain'd:

Not

Not nicely chuſing, tho' by all deſir'd;
Tho' learn'd, not vain; and humble, tho' admir'd:
Candid to all, but to himſelf ſevere,
In humour pliant, as in life auſtere.
A wife content his even ſoul ſecur'd,
By want not ſhaken, or by wealth allur'd.
To all ſincere, tho' earneſt to commend,
Could praiſe a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old *Greece* and *Rome* were fully known,
Their tongues, their ſpirit, and their ſtyles his own:
Pleas'd the leaſt ſteps of famous men to view,
Our author's works, and lives, and ſouls he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the ſame eſteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm *Pindar*'s rage, and *Euclid*'s reaſon join'd.
Judicious phyſick's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping maſter fail'd,
Nor goodneſs now, nor learning ought avail'd:

Yet to the bard his *Churchill*'s ſoul they gave,
And made him ſcorn the life they could not ſave.
Elſe could he bear unmov'd the fatal gueſt,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppreſt,
The coughs that ſtruggled from his weary breaſt?
Could he unmov'd approaching death ſuſtain?
Its ſlow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he ſerene his weeping friends ſurvey,
In his laſt hours his eaſy wit diſplay,
Like the rich fruit he ſings, delicious in decay.
Once on thy friends look down, lamented ſhade,
And view the honours to thy aſhes paid;
Some thy lov'd duſt in *Parian* ſtones enſhrine,
Others immortal epitaphs deſign;
With wit, and ſtrength, that only yield to thine:
Ev'n I, tho' ſlow to touch the painful ſtring
Awake from ſlumber, and attempt to ſing.
Thee, *Philips*, thee deſpairing *Vaga* mourns,
And gentle *Iſis* ſoft complaints returns;

Dormer

Dormer laments amidſt the wars alarms;
And *Cecil* weeps in beauteous *Tufton*'s arms:
Thee on the *Po* kind *Somerſet* deplores,
And ev'n that charming ſcene his grief reſtores:
He to thy loſs each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge *Taburnus* lies,
But moſt at *Virgil*'s tomb his ſwelling ſorrows riſe,

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Diſplay his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that's bleſt above, immortaliz'd below.

A. Walker del. et sculp.

THE

SPLENDID SHILLING.

THE

SPLENDID SHILLING.

———*Sing, heavenly Muſe,*
Things unattempted yet, in proſe or rhime,
A ſhilling, breeches, *and* chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and ſtrife,
In ſilken, or in leathern purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling: He nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale;
But with his Friends when nightly miſts ariſe,
To *Juniper's Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul, and kindled amorous flames,
CLOE, or PHILIPS; he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love.

* Two noted Alehouſes in *Oxford*, 1700.

Mean

Mean while, he ſmokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corps ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize
Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwalador* and *Arthur*, Kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' *Arvonian* mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the antient town

Yclip'd

Yclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s ſtream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With *Maſſic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.
Thus, while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace a *Dun*,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel aſcends,
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whither turn? amaz'd,
Confounded to the dark receſs I fly
Of woodhole; ſtrait my briſtling hairs erect
Thro' ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,

Diſaſtrous

Diſaſtrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters, and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods avert
Such plagues from righteous men;) behind him ſtalks
Another monſter not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms
Firſt have endu'd, if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of debtor, ſtrait his body, to the touch
Obſequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome inchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance ſtrict detain him, till in form
Of money, PALLAS ſets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft

Lies

Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall, or kitchen, ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood

Drinks

Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my days. But when nocturnal ſhade
This world invelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumming froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind, or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades;
Or deſp'rate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave, my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe:
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's ſtill awake,

Thoughtful

Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant fantom curſe.
Thus do I live, from pleaſure quite debarr'd;
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor *Medlar* fruit delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My *Galligaſkins* that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdu'd, (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſclos'd with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and *Auſter*, and the dreadful force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ſhip,
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' *Ægean* deep,

Or the *Ionian*, till cruiſing near
The *Lilybean* ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; horrors ſeize
The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
Theyſtare,theylave,theypump,theyſwear,theypray:
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the batt'ring waves ruſh in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks ſound'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

A. Walker sculp.

BLEINHEIM.

BLEINHEIM.

FROM low and abject themes the grov'ling muſe,
Now mounts aërial, to ſing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of *Britain*'s heroe; may the verſe not ſink
Beneath his merits, but detain a while
Thy ear, O *Harley**, (tho' thy country's weal
Depends on thee, tho' mighty *Anne* requires
Thy hourly counſels) ſince with ev'ry art
Thyſelf adorn'd, the mean eſſays of youth,
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the muſes ſeat:
Therefore thee firſt, and laſt, the muſe ſhall ſing.

Long had the *Gallic* monarch, uncontroul'd
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force

* This Poem was inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable *Robert Harley*, Eſq; 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable Houſe of Commons, and Secretary of ſtate.

Opponent ſlightly thought, in heart elate,
As erſt *Seſoſtris*, (proud *Egyptian* king,
That monarch's harneſs'd to his chariot yokt,
(Baſe ſervitude!) and his dethron'd compeers,
Laſht furious; they in ſullen majeſty
Drew the uneaſy load.) Nor leſs he aim'd
At univerſal ſway: for *William*'s arm
Could naught avail, however fam'd in war;
Nor armies leagu'd, that diverſly aſſay'd
To curb his pow'r enormous; like an oak,
That ſtands ſecure, tho' all the winds employ
Their ceaſeleſs roar, and only ſheds its leaves,
Or maſt, which the revolving ſpring reſtores:
So ſtood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The *European* thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at naught their machinations vain,
But that great *Anne*, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee choſe,
Thee, *Churchill*, to direct in nice extreams
Her banner'd legions. Now their priſtine worth

The

The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccuſtom'd air,
And other climes, where diff'rent food and ſoil
Portend diſtempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilſome, unfatigu'd with length
Of march, unſtruck with horror at the ſight
Of *Alpine* ridges bleak, high ſtretching hills,
All white with ſummers ſnows. They go beyond
The trace of *Engliſh* ſteps, where ſcarce the ſound
Of *Henry*'s arms arriv'd; ſuch ſtrength of heart
Thy conduct, and example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement, *Godolphin*, wiſe, and juſt,
Equal in merit, honour and ſucceſs,
To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to ſerve
The beſt of Queens:) he, of the royal ſtore
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole nights devoid
Of ſweet repoſe, induſtrious to procure
The ſoldier's eaſe; to regions far remote
His care extends: and to the *Britiſh* hoſt
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O *Churchill!* at thy wiſht approach
The *Germans* hopeles of ſucceſs, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New animated rouſe; not more rejoice
The miſerable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumm'd with froſts
Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keeneſt breath,
Under the polar bear, inclement ſky,
When firſt the ſun with new-born light removes
The long incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd *Eugene* yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
In military honour next, altho'
His deadly hand ſhook the *Turcheſtan* throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided lands
Victorious; on thy pow'rful ſword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* coaſt relies,
Won from th' encroaching ſea: that ſword great *Anne*
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiſſant ſide,
When thee ſh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,

Illuſtrating

Illuſtrating the noble liſt; her hand
Aſſures good omens, and Saint *George*'s worth
Enkindles like deſire of high exploits.
Immediate ſieges, and the tire of war
Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumy creſt
Nods horrible, with more terrific port
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the fight.

What ſpoils, what conqueſts then did *Albion* hope
From thy atchievements! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear, or fancy; they, in multitude
Superior fed their thoughts with proſpect vain
Of victory, and rapine, reck'ning what
From ranſom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate beſpoke; O friend, obſerve,
How gay with all th' Accoutrements of war
The *Britons* come, with gold well fraught they come
Thus far, our prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
Their recreant force; how will their bodies ſtrip
Enrich the victors, while the vultures ſate

Their

Their maws with full repaſt! another warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd;
What if this ſword, full often drench'd in blood
Of baſe antagoniſts, with griding edge
Should now cleave ſheer the execrable head
Of *Churchill*, met in arms! or if this hand
Soon as his army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
Should ſtay him flying, with retentive gripe,
Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial price
Should ſet him free, nor ſmall ſhould be my praiſe
To lead him ſhackled, and expos'd to ſcorn
Of gath'ring crowds the *Briton*'s boaſted chief.
Thus they, in ſportive mood, their empty taunts
And menaces expreſt; nor could their prince
In arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious ſpeech
Refrain; why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? Why
Decline the war? Shall a moraſs forbid
Your eaſy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way,
Safe of acceſs. Imprudent, thus t'invite

A furious lion to his folds! that boaſt
He ill abides, captiv'd in other plight
He ſoon reviſits *Britanny*, that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtretcht retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry; O hapleſs fate,
If any arm, but *Churchill*'s had prevail'd!
No need ſuch boaſts, or exprobations falſe
Of cowardice; the military mound
The *Britiſh* files tranſcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate,
And now on either ſide the trumpets blew,
Signal of onſet, reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverſe fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might; for on th' event
Deciſive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms: with leſs vehemence
The great competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæſar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharſalian* plains,
Where ſtern *Bellona*, with one final ſtroke,

Adjudg'd

Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the *Bavarian* Duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold champion! brandiſhing his *Noric* blade,
Beſt temper'd ſteel, ſucceſsleſs prov'd in field!
Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* infantry
Preſumptuous comes; here *Churchill*, not ſo prompt
To vaunt, as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
With *Eugene*'s *German* force. Now from each van
The brazen inſtruments of death diſcharge
Horrible flames, and turbid ſtreaming clouds
Of ſmoke ſulphureous, intermixt with theſe
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiſs,
Singeing the air, and from long diſtance bring
Surpriſing ſlaughter; on each ſide they fly
By chains connex't, and with deſtructive ſweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy ſcalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks beſtrew
Th' enſanguin'd field; with latent miſchief ſtor'd
Show'rs of granadoes rain, by ſudden burſt
Diſploding

Diſploding murd'rous bowels, fragments of ſteel,
And ſtones, and glaſs, and nitrous grain aduſt.
A thouſand ways at once the ſhiver'd orbs
Fly diverſe, working torment, and foul rout
With deadly bruiſe, and gaſhes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high prancing ſteeds,
Diſdain the curb, and flinging to and fro,
Spurn their diſmounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhoſtile wounds deſtroy'd.

Thus thro' each army, death in various ſhapes,
Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
Lie clotted; lifeleſs ſome: with anguiſh theſe
Gnaſhing, and loud laments invoking aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
Of guns, and trumpets clang, and ſolemn ſound
Of drums o'ercame their groans. In equal ſcale
Long hung the fight, few marks of fear were ſeen,
None of retreat: As when two adverſe winds,
Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid ſky
Engage with horrid ſhock, the ruffled brine

Roars

Roars ſtormy, they together daſh the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmoſt rage;
Long undecided laſts the airy ſtrife.
So they incens'd; 'till *Churchill*, viewing where
The violence of *Tallard* moſt prevail'd,
Came to oppoſe his flaught'ring arm; with ſpeed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gaſping heroes, and fall'n ſteeds
Rolling in death: deſtruction, grim with blood
Attends his furious courſe. Him thus enrag'd
Deſcrying from afar ſome engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, deſign'd
By one nice ſhot to terminate the war,
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miſs'd her ſcope (for deſtiny withſtood
Th' approaching wound) and guiltleſs plough'd her way
Beneath his courſer; round his ſacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous ſway deals fatal blows,
Amongſt the ſcatter'd *Gauls*. But O! beware,

Great

Great warrior, nor too prodigal of life
Expoſe the *Britiſh* ſafety: hath not *Jove*
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reſerve
Thyſelf for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal preſt,
Awaits; this day of all his honours gain'd,
Deſpoils him, if thy ſuccour opportune
Defends not the ſad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted.——ſwift, and fierce
As wintry ſtorm, he flies, to reinforce
The yielding wing; in *Gallic* blood again
He dews his reeking ſword, and ſtrews the ground
With headleſs ranks; (ſo *Ajax* interpos'd
His ſevenfold ſhield, and ſcreen'd *Laertes'* ſon,
For valour much, and warlike wiles renown'd,
When the inſulting *Trojans* urg'd him ſore
With tilted ſpears:) unmanly dread invades
The *French* aſtony'd; ſtrait their uſeleſs arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,

Unſeemly

Unſeemly yelling; diſtant hills return
The hideous noiſe. What can they do? or, how
Withſtand his wide-deſtroying ſword? or, where
Find ſhelter thus repuls'd? behind with wrath
Reſiſtleſs, th' eager *Engliſh* champions preſs
Chaſtiſing tardy flight; before them rolls
His current ſwift the *Danube*, vaſt, and deep,
Supream of rivers; to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulſive arms ſoon as they reacht,
New horror chill'd their veins; devote they ſaw
Themſelves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by deſpair, or obſtinate
To fall like men in arms, ſome dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the reſt diſcomfited,
And puſht by *Marlborough*'s avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended flood.
Bands numerous as the *Memphian* ſoldiery
That ſwell'd th' *Erythræan* wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellouſly ſtood,

Obſervant

Obſervant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thouſands float the ſtream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther ſhore;
Confiding in their hands, that ſed'lous ſtrive
To cut th' outrageous fluent: in this diſtreſs,
Ev'n in the ſight of death, ſome tokens ſhew
Of fearleſs friendſhip, and their ſinking mates
Suſtain; vain love, tho' laudable! abſorb'd
By a fierce eddy, they together ſound
The vaſt profundity; their horſes paw
The ſwelling ſurge with fruitleſs toil: ſurcharg'd,
And in his courſe obſtructed by large ſpoil,
The river, flows redundant, and attacks
The ling'ring remnant with unuſual tide;
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immerſt.
So when ſome ſwelt'ring travellers retire
To leafy ſhades, near the cool ſunleſs verge
Of *Paraba*, *Braſilian* ſtream; her tail
Of vaſt extenſion from her watry den,

A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,
Insidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls; th' unweeting prey
Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.
Nor did the *British* squadrons now surcease
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moist element a scorching death,
Pierc'd sinking; shrouded in a dusky cloud
The current flows, with livid missive flames
Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when the swift-footed son
Of *Peleus* to his baleful banks pursu'd
The straggling *Trojans:* nor less eager drove
Victorious *Churchill* his desponding foes
Into the deep immense, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distain'd,
Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, rescu'd harrass'd pow'rs
From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial,

Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Suſtain'd. With prudent ſtay, he long defer'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An hoſt diſparted; when, in union firm
Embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all
Their ſtrength, and worthy ſeem'd to be ſubdu'd:
He the proud boaſters ſent, with ſtern aſſault,
Down to the realms of night. The *Britiſh* ſouls,
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen*-plains, this heav'nly gladſome air,
Exult to ſee the crouding ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not ſo the new inhabitants: they roam
Erroneous, and diſconſolate, themſelves
Accuſing, and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they ſee,
Thro' the dun miſt, in blooming beauty freſh,
Two lovely youths, that amicably walkt
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd

Anna's late conqueſts; * one, to empire born,
Egregious Prince, whoſe manly childhood ſhew'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unſpeakable; † thou, his aſſociate dear
Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
Had thy preſiding ſtar propitious ſhone,
Should'ſt *Churchill* be! but heav'n ſevere cut ſhort
Their ſpringing years, nor would, this iſle ſhould boaſt
Gifts ſo important! them the *Gallic* ſhades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of exceſſive dignity and grace,
Delighted; 'till, in one, their curious eye
Diſcerns their great ſubduer's awful mien,
And correſponding features fair; to them
Confuſion! ſtrait the airy phantoms fleet,
With headlong haſte, and dread a new purſuit;
The image pleas'd with joy paternal ſmiles.
Enough, O muſe; the ſadly-pleaſing theme

* Duke of *Glouceſter*. † Marquis of *Blandford*.

Leave,

Leave, with theſe dark abodes and re-aſcend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conqu'ror, and ſav'd nations joint acclaim.
Hark, how the cannon, inoffenſive now,
Gives ſigns of gratulation; ſtruggling crouds
From ev'ry city flow; with ardent gaze
Fixt, they behold the *Britiſh* guide, of fight
Inſatiate; whilſt his great redeeming hand
Each prince affects to touch reſpectful. See,
How *Pruſſia*'s King tranſported entertains
His mighty gueſt; to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate,
Than to the *Trojan* chief *Evander* gave
Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to ſhew
The ſkill and rudiments auſtere of war.
See, with what joy, him *Leopold* declares
His great deliverer; and courts t'accept
Of titles, with ſuperior modeſty
Better refus'd. Mean while the haughty King
Far humbler thoughts now learns; deſpair, and fear

Now firſt he feels; his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head, in life's extream,
Diſtract his ſoul; nor can great *Boileau*'s harp
Of various ſounding wire, beſt taught to calm
Whatever paſſion, and exalt the ſoul
With higheſt ſtrains, his languid ſpirits cheer:
Rage, ſhame, and grief, alternate in his breaſt,
But who can tell what pangs, what ſharp remorſe
Torment the *Boian* prince? from native ſoil
Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping conſort, and depriv'd the ſight
Of his young guiltleſs progeny, he ſeeks
Inglorious ſhelter, in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averſe
To right, and inſincere, would violate
His plighted faith: why did he not accept
Friendly compoſure offer'd? or well weigh,
With whom he muſt contend? encount'ring fierce
The *Solymean* Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely ſmear'd

With

With *Paiſim* blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,
Of counſel raſh, new meaſures he purſues,
Unhappy prince! (no more a prince) he ſees
Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him, he once defy'd. O deſtitute
Of hope, unpity'd! thou ſhould'ſt firſt have thought
Of perſevering ſtedfaſt; now upbraid
Thy own inconſtant ill-aſpiring heart.
Lo! how the *Noric* plains, thro' thy default
Riſe hilly, with large piles of ſlaughter'd knights,
Beſt men, that warr'd ſtill firmly for their prince
Tho' faithleſs, and unſhaken duty ſhew'd;
Worthy of better end. Where cities ſtood,
Well fenc'd, and numerous deſolation reigns,
And emptineſs, diſmay'd, unfed, unhous'd
The widow, and the orphan ſtrole around
The deſart wide; with oft retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of manſions, once their own (now loathſome haunts

Of birds obſcene), bewailing loud the loſs
Of ſpouſe, or ſire, or ſon, ere manly prime
Slain in ſad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themſelves, or where appeaſe
Th' afflictive keen deſire of food, expos'd
To winds, and ſtorms, and jaws of ſavage beaſts.
Thrice happy *Albion!* from the world disjoin'd
By heav'n propitious, bliſsful ſeat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbour's miſeries to prize
Thy welfare; crown'd with nature's choiceſt gift.
Remote thou hear'ſt the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear,
And peril, whilſt the diſmal ſymphony
Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* ſcepter undecided, here
Engages mighty hoſts in waſteful ſtrife;
From diff'rent climes the flow'r of youth deſcends
Down to the *Luſitanian* vales, reſolv'd
With utmoſt hazard to enthrone their prince,

Gallic,

Gallic, or *Auſtrian*; havoc dire enſues,
And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
They muſt obey, in conſternation wait,
'Till rigid conqueſt will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of war unheard
On the mild *Latian* ſhore; what ſighs and tears
Hath *Eugene* caus'd! how many widows curſe
His cleaving faulchion! fertile ſoil in vain!
What do thy paſtures, or thy vines avail,
Beſt boon of heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harveſt immature?
See, with what outrage from the froſty north,
The early valiant *Swede* draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while *Volga*'s ſtream
Sends oppoſite, in ſhaggy armor clad,
Her borderers; on mutual ſlaughter bent,
They rend their countries. How is *Poland* vext
With civil broils, while two elected Kings

Contend

Contend for ſway? unhappy nation, left
Thus free of choice! the *Engliſh* undiſturb'd
With ſuch ſad privilege, ſubmiſs obey
Whom heav'n ordains ſupreme, with rev'rence due,
Not thraldom, in fit liberty ſecure,
From ſcepter'd Kings, in long decent deriv'd,
Thou *Anna* ruleſt; prudent to promote
Thy people's eaſe at home, nor ſtudious leſs
Of *Europe*'s good; to thee, of Kingly rights
Sole arbitreſs, declining thrones, and pow'rs
Sue for relief; thou bid'ſt thy *Churchill* go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty *Louis*, unconfin'd; he goes
Obſequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. Again thou giv'ſt in charge
To *Rook*, that he ſhould let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged ſpeed he rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring main t'aſſert

Thy

Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The *Gallic* navies impotent to bear
His volly'd thunder, torn, diſſever'd, ſcud,
And bleſs the friendly interpoſing night.
Hail, mighty *Queen*, reſerv'd by fate, to grace
The new-born age; what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune ſubmits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmoſt bound
Heſperian, *Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,
Mountain ſublime, that caſts a ſhade of length
Immeaſurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with inſatiate thirſt of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praiſe
Be ſtill, to ſtudy right, and quell the force
Of Kings perfidious; let them learn from thee
That neither ſtrength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with ſucceſs be crown'd, where juſtice fails.

Thou

Thou, with thy own content, not for thyſelf,
Subdueſt regions, generous to raiſe
The ſuppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The *German* boaſts thy conqueſts, and enjoys
The great advantage; naught to thee redounds
But ſatisfaction from thy conſcious mind.

Auſpicious *Queen*, ſince in thy realms ſecure
Of peace, thou reign'ſt, and victory attends
Thy diſtant enſigns, with compaſſion view
Europe embroil'd; ſtill thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire,
Reciprocally ruinous; ſay who
Shall wield th' *Heſperian*, who the *Poliſh* ſword,
By thy decree; the trembling lands ſhall hear
Thy voice, obedient, leſt thy ſcourge ſhould bruiſe
Their ſtubborn necks, and *Churchill* in his wrath
Make them remember *Bleinheim* with regret.

Thus ſhall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy pow'r, and juſtice; jealouſies and fears,

And

And hate infernal baniſht, ſhall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* coaſts,
Or *Tartary*, engend'ring diſcords fell
Amongſt the enemies of truth; while arts
Pacific, and inviolable love
Flouriſh in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* days
Returning! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and ſhed your influence ſweet
On virtuous *Anna*'s head: ye happy days,
By her reſtor'd, her juſt deſigns compleat,
And, mildly on her ſhining, bleſs the world.
Thus from the noiſy croud exempt, with eaſe,
And plenty bleſt, amid the mazy groves;
(Sweet ſolitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The ſilent muſe, delicious rural ſeat
Of St. *John*, *Engliſh Memmius*, I preſum'd
To ſing *Britannic* trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
(So *Anna*'s will ordains) to expedite

His

His military charge, * no leiſure finds
To ſtring his charming ſhell; but when return'd
Conſummate peace ſhall rear her cheerful head,
Then ſhall his *Churchill* in ſublimer verſe
For ever triumph; lateſt times ſhall learn
From ſuch a Chief to fight, and Bard, to ſing.

* He was then Secretary of War.

O D E

A D

Henricum St. John, Armig'

1706.

O D E

A D

Henricum St. John, Armig'

1706.

I.

O Qui reciſæ finibus indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire ſuccum, & ſuaveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

II.

Qui ſolus acri reſpicis aſperum
Siti palatum, proluis & mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui ſaporem
Heſperii pretiúmque, ſoles:

III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, desidésque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

IV.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venusinus alas:

V.

Solers modorum, seu puerum, trucem
Cum matre flavâ, seu canerat rosas
Et vina, cyrrhæis hetruscum
Rite beans equitem sub antris.

VI.

At non lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum

Jactet.

Jactet Falernum, ſæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiamque teſtæ.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; ſed nec amantior,
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma ſubit, tacitoſque ſenſus.

VIII.

Pertentat, ut téque & tua munera
Gratus recordor, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! & ipſe muſæ
Cultor, & uſque colende muſis!

IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægre ſpiritus, ilia
Dum pulſat ima, ac inquietum
Tuſſis agens ſine more pectus.

X.

Altè petito quaſſat anhelitu;
Funeſta planè, ni mihi balſamum
Diſtillet in venas, tuæque
Lenis opem ferat hauſtus uvæ.

XI.

Hanc ſumo, parcis & tibi poculis
Libo ſalutem; quin precor, optima
Ut uſque conjux ſoſpitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

XII.

Te conſulentem militiæ ſuper
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus
Formoſa cui Franciſca ceſſit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

XIII.

Quam gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus inſidet!

Tu ſorte Felix ; me Maria
Macerat (ah miſerum !) videndo :

XIV.

Maria, quæ me fidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excuſſit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

XV.

Hanc, ulla mentis ſpe mihi mutuæ
Utcunque deſit, nocte, die vigil
Suſpiro ; nec jam vina ſomnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

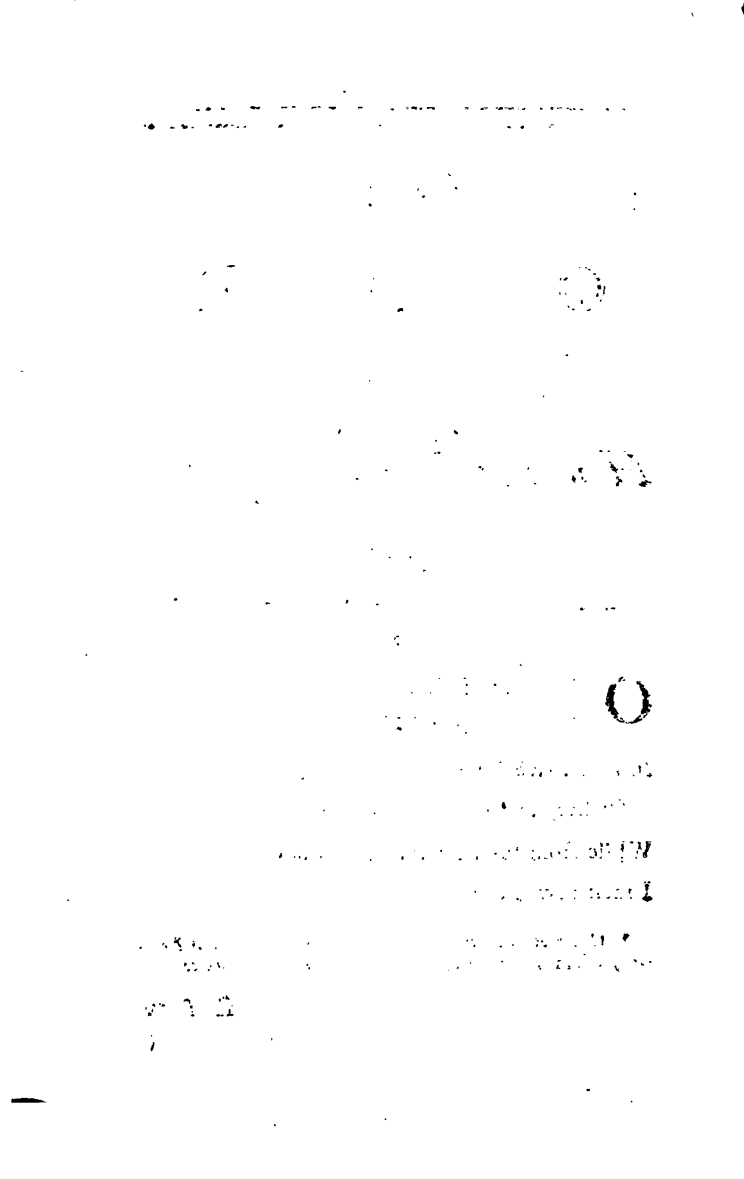
AN

ODE

TO

Henry St. John, Eſquire.

1706.



AN ODE TO *Henry St. John*, Eſquire.*

1706.

I.

O Thou from *India*'s fruitful ſoil,
That doſt that ſovereign herb † prepare;
In whoſe rich fumes I loſe the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bowl,
I ſuck new life into my ſoul;

* This piece was tranſlated by the Reverend *Thomas Newcome, M. A.* of *Corpus Chriſti College, Oxon.* † *Tobacco.*

II. Thou,

II.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I ſuſtain;
Which with cool draughts thy caſks ſubdue
And waſh away the thirſty pain,
With wines, whoſe ſtrength and taſte we prize,
From *Latian* ſuns and nearer ſkies.

III.

O! ſay, to bleſs thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings ſhall I bring?
Since I can ſpare, and thou approve,
No other gift, O hear me ſing!
In numbers *Phœbus* does inſpire,
Who ſtrings for thee the charming lyre.

IV.

Aloft, above the liquid ſky,
I ſtretch my wing, and fain would go
Where *Rome*'s ſweet ſwain did whilom fly;
And ſoaring, left the clouds below;

The

The muſe invoking to endue
With ſtrength, his pinions, as he flew.

V.

Whether he ſings great Beauty's praiſe,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
Or chuſe, the ſubject of his lays,
The bluſhing grape, or blooming roſe:
Or near cool *Cyrrah*'s rocky ſprings
Mæcenas liſtens while he ſings.

VI.

Yet he, no nobler draught could boaſt,
His muſe or muſick to inſpire,
Tho' all *Falernum*'s purple coaſt,
Flow'd in each glaſs, to lend him fire:
And on his tables us'd to ſmile
The vintage of rich *Chio*'s iſle.

VII. *Mæ-*

VII.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his ſongs,
His muſe extoll'd, his voice approv'd;
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleaſing, more belov'd.
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

VIII.

Teach me the paſſion to reſtrain,
As I my grateful homage bring;
And laſt in *Phœbus'* humble train
The firſt and brighteſt genius ſing.
The Muſes favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

IX.

But oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my love, to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly fire,
My boſom heaves, my voice decays;

With

With pain I touch the mournful ſtring,
And pant and languiſh as I ſing.

X.

Faint nature now demands that breath,
That feebly ſtrives thy worth to ſing!
And would be huſh'd and loſt in death,
Did not thy care kind ſuccours bring!
Thy pitying caſks my ſoul ſuſtain,
And call new life in every vein.

XI.

The ſober glas I now behold,
Thy health, with fair *Franciſca*'s join,
Wiſhing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While ſhe can pleaſe, and thou canſt love.

XII. Thus

XII.

Thus while by you the *British* arms
Triumphs and diſtant fame purſue;
The yielding fair reſigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her ſnowy neck, her breaſt, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

XIII.

What comely grace, what beauty ſmiles,
Upon her lips what ſweetneſs dwells?
Not love himſelf ſo oft beguiles,
Nor *Venus* ſelf ſo much excels;
What different fates our paſſions ſhare,
While you enjoy, and I deſpair?

XIV.

* *Maria*'s form as I ſurvey,
Her ſmiles a thouſand wounds impart;
Each feature ſteals my ſoul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart.

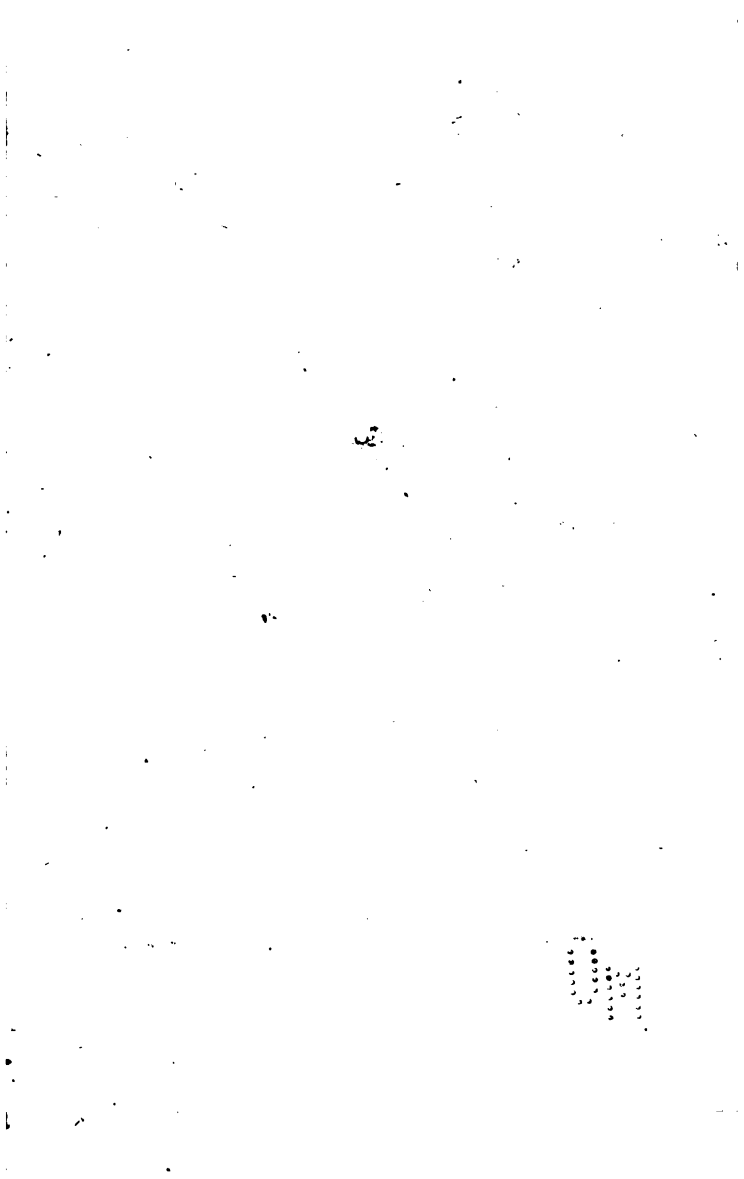
* Miſs Mary Meers, *Daughter of the late Principal of* Brazen-Noſe College, Oxon.

And

And chaſing thence each other Fair
Leaves her own image only there.

XV.

Altho' my anxious breaſt deſpair,
And ſighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet for the lov'd relentleſs fair
By night I wake, by day I burn.
Nor can thy gifts ſoft ſleep ſupply,
Or ſooth my pains, or cloſe my eye.



A. Walker del. et sculp.

CYDER.

A

POEM,

IN

TWO BOOKS.

—— *Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?* Virg.

CYDER.

BOOK I.

WHAT ſoil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchats, timelieſt when to preſs the fruits,
Thy gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* verſe
Adventrous I preſume to ſing; of verſe
Nor ſkill'd, nor ſtudious: but my native ſoil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unſung.
Ye *Ariconian* knights, and faireſt dames,
To whom propitious heav'n theſe bleſſings grants,
Attend my layes, nor hence diſdain to learn,
How nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O *Moſtyn*, whoſe benevolence,
And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchſaf'd
To knit in friendſhip, growing ſtill with years,

Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a laſting monument remain
Of dear reſpect; that, when this body frail
Is molder'd into duſt, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend.
Whoe'er expects his lab'ring trees ſhou'd bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harveſt yield,
Be this his firſt concern; to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the *Hyperborean* blaſts
Tempeſtuous, and cold *Eurus'* nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the weſt
Let him free entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
Adminiſter their tepid genial airs;
Naught fear he from the weſt, whoſe gentle warmth
Diſcloſes well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender ſeeds; whoſe breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Heſperian fruits, and wafts their odors ſweet

Wide

Wide thro' the air, and diſtant ſhores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackning clouds in ſprinkling ſhow'rs
Diſtil, from the high ſummits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moiſture cheer'd,
The orchats ſmile; joyous the farmers ſee
Their thriving plants, and bleſs the heav'nly dew.
Next let the planter, with diſcretion meet,
The force and genius of each ſoil explore;
To what adapted, what it ſhuns averſe:
Without this neceſſary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mold, moſt ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce; pleaſing to ſight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So nature has decreed; ſo oft we ſee
Men paſſing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate; leſs, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the ſable ground expect ſucceſs

Nor from cretaceous, ſtubborn and jejune:
The Muſt, of pallid hue, declares the ſoil
Devoid of ſpirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyiſh liquors; oft with cholic pangs,
With pungent cholic pangs diſtreſs'd he'll roar,
And toſs, and turn, and curſe th' unwholſom draught.
But, farmer, look, where full-ear'd ſheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that ſoil ſelect
For apples; thence thy induſtry ſhall gain
Ten-fold reward; thy garners, thence with ſtore
Surcharg'd, ſhall burſt; thy preſs with pureſt juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy falt'ring tongue.
Such is the *Kentchurch*, ſuch *Dantzeyan* ground,
Such thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* ſuch,
Williſian Burlton, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marſh*,
And *Sutton*-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of *Ethelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd feaſt
Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,
To treat of ſpouſals: long connubial joys

He

He promis'd to himſelf, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes——oh! hardeſt fate, to fall
By ſhew of friendſhip, and pretended love!
I nor adviſe, nor reprehend the choice
Of *Marcley*-hill; the apple no where finds
A kinder mold: yet 'tis unſafe to truſt
Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his preſent ſite
Forſaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter ſtrange
For law-debates*? if, therefore, thou incline
To deck this riſe with fruits of various taſtes,

* *February* the ſeventh, 1571, at ſix o'clock in the evening, this hill rouſed itſelf with a roaring noiſe, and by ſeven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it ſheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its paſſage overthrew *Kinnaſton* Chapple, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former poſition. The ground thus moved was about twenty-ſix acres, which opened itſelf and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards ſpace, leaving that which was paſture in the place of the tillage and the tillage overſpread with paſture. See *Speed*'s account of *Herefordſhire*, page 49, and *Camden*'s *Britannia*.

Fail not, by frequent vows t'implore ſucceſs;
Thus piteous heav'n may fix the wandring glebe.
But if (for nature doth not ſhare alike
Her gifts) an happy ſoil ſhould be with-held;
If a penurious clay ſhou'd be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with ſandy ſtones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the ſturdy pear-tree here
Will riſe luxuriant, and with tougheſt root
Pierce the obſtructing grit, and reſtive marle.
Thus naught is uſeleſs made; nor is there land,
But what, or of itſelf, or elſe compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The ſhepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the moſſie turf,
Sufficient; after them the cackling gooſe,
Cloſe-grazer, finds wherewith to eaſe her want.
What ſhou'd I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of *Penmenmaur*, and that cloud-piercing hill,

Plinlimmon,

Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Aſtoniſh'd, how the goats their ſhrubby brouze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canſt thou ſee,
How from a ſcraggy rock, whoſe prominence
Half overſhades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearleſs of rending winds, and daſhing waves,
Cut ſamphire, to excite the ſqueamiſh guſt
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lye unlabor'd; if the richeſt ſtem
Refuſe to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human uſe redound,
And penury, the worſt of ills, remove?

There are, who, fondly ſtudious of increaſe,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fatning muck
Beſmear the roots; in vain! the nurſling grove
Seems fair a while, cheriſh'd with foſter earth:
But when the alien compoſt is exhauſt,
It's native poverty again prevails.

Tho' this art fails, deſpond not; little pains,

In

In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' induſtrious, when the ſun in *Leo* rides,
And darts his ſultrieſt beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of ev'ry plant
To ſink a circling trench, and daily pour
A juſt ſupply of alimental ſtreams,
Exhauſted ſap recruiting; elſe falſe hopes
He cheriſhes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal ſeaſon, but, in ſummer's pride,
When other orchats ſmile, abortive fail.
Thus the great light of heav'n, that in his courſe
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; ſweltring they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage ſeek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still ſtreaming freſh reviſit, to allay
Thirſt inextinguiſhable: but if the ſpring
Preceding ſhou'd be deſtitute of rain,
Or blaſt ſeptentrional with bruſhing wings

Sweep

Sweep up the ſmoky miſts, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals! *Titan* then exerts
His heat intenſe, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of faireſt nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim death in different ſhapes,
Depopulates the nations, thouſands fall
His victims, youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and ſighing leave their loves
Unfiniſh'd, by infectious heav'n deſtroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, laſt
Of *Winchcomb*'s name (next thee in blood, and worth,
O faireſt St. *John!*) left this toilſome world
In beauty's prime, and ſadden'd all the year;
Nor cou'd her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thouſand lovers, the relentleſs hand
Of death arreſt, ſhe with the vulgar fell,
Only diſtinguiſh'd by this humble verſe.

But

But if it pleaſe the ſun's intemp'rate force
To know, attend; whilſt I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers, (luckleſs men!) ingulft
By the wide yawning earth, to *Stygian* ſhades
Went quick, in one ſad ſepulchre inclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the *Roman* bands
Victorious, this our other world ſubdu'd,
A ſpacious city ſtood, with firmeſt walls
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,
Aerial ſpires, and citadels, the ſeat
Of Kings, and heroes reſolute in war,
Fam'd *Ariconium*; uncontrol'd, and free,
'Till all-ſubduing *Latian* arms prevail'd.
Then alſo, tho' to foreign yoke ſubmiſs,
She undemoliſh'd ſtood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had ſtood, of ancient *Britiſh* art
A pleaſing monument, not leſs admir'd
Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruſcan* hands
Aroſe; had not the heav'nly pow'rs averſe

Decreed

Decreed her final doom: for now the fields
Labour'd with thirſt, *Aquarius* had not ſhed
His wonted ſhow'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with heat
Solſtitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence *Tartarian* dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous ſpume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darkſome caves, by far
More diſmal than the loud diſploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaſeleſs ſtorm
The baſtion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, 'till now
Cloſely impriſon'd, by *Titanian* warmth,
Dilating, and with unctuous vapors fed
Diſdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full ſtrength
Collecting, from beneath the ſolid maſs
Upheav'd, and all her caſtles rooted deep
Shook from their loweſt ſeat; old *Vaga*'s ſtream,
Forc'd by the ſudden ſhock, her wonted track
Forſook, and drew her humid train aſlope,
Crankling her banks: and now the low'ring ſky,

And

And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled ſolemn, diſmaid
The ſinking hearts of men. Where ſhou'd they turn
Diſtreſs'd? whence ſeek for aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n fate ſupreme gives ſigns
Of wrath and deſolation? vain were vows,
And plaints, and ſuppliant hands to heav'n erect!
Yet ſome to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled gods,
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin ſhar'd,
Cruſh'd, and o'rwhelm'd. Others in frantick mood,
Run howling thro' the ſtreets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; horror ſtalks around,
Wild-ſtaring, and, his ſad concomitant,
Deſpair, of abject look: at ev'ry gate
The thronging populace with haſty ſtrides
Preſs furious, and, too eager of eſcape,
Obſtruct the eaſy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footſteps; to, and fro, they reel
Aſtoniſh'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo!

The

The ground aduſt her riven mouth diſparts
Horrible chaſm; profound! with ſwift deſcent
Old *Ariconium* ſinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and ſenators, down to the realms
Of endleſs night. Mean-while, the looſen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; 'till all their force
Conſum'd her rav'nous jaws, th'earth ſatiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious paſſenger may learn
Her ample ſite, ſave coins, and mold'ring urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, laſting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilome ſtood; now *Ceres*, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddieſt freight bedeckt,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious muſe,

Urging

Urging her deſtin'd labors to purſue.

The prudent will obſerve, what paſſions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, nature gave
Love, and averſion): everlaſting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor leſs abhors
The Coleworts rankneſs; but, with amorous twine
Claſps the tall Elm: the Pæſtan Roſe unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Creſt of ſtout *Britons*,) and inhances thence
The price of her celeſtial ſcent: the Gourd,
And thirſty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with reſentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverſe, deteſting contact; whilſt the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Cloſe neighbouring: th' *Herefordian* plant
Careſſes freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-reſiſting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy ſtem;

Uneaſy,

Uneaſy, ſeated by funereal Yeugh,
Or Walnut, (whoſe malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits,) or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they aſſociate beſt, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
Would'ſt thou, thy vats with gen'rous juice
ſhould froth?
Reſpect thy orchats; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholſome draught,
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A Cyon meetly ſever; after, force
A way into the crabſtock's cloſe-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Encloſe the foſter twig; nor over-nice
Refuſe with thy own hands around to ſpread
The binding clay: ere-long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nouriſhment convey
To the new pupil; now he ſhoots his arms
With quickeſt growth; now ſhake the teeming trunk,

Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrofial fruit.
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's pureſt ſpirit, and reſiſt
It's feculence, which in more porous ſtocks
Of Cyder-plants finds paſſage free, or elſe
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Thro' th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and ſweet; whatever be the cauſe,
This doubtful progeny by niceſt taſtes
Expected beſt acceptance finds, and pays
Largeſt revenues to the orchat-lord.

Some think, the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloe-ſtem bearing Sylvan Plumbs auſtere.
Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what loſs
To try the pow'rs of both, and ſearch how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In cloſe embraces, and ſtrange offspring bear?
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms

Conjoin

Conjoin with others. So *Silurian* plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of fundry forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.
Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particolor'd fruits, that pleaſe
The tongue, and view, at once. So *Maro*'s muſe,
Thrice ſacred muſe! commodious precepts gives
Inſtructive to the ſwains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: ſometimes ſhe diverts
From ſolid counſels, ſhews the force of love
In ſavage beaſts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapleſs youth thro' ſtorms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: Then ſhe deſcribes
The *Scythian* winter, nor diſdains to ſing
How under ground the rude *Riphæan* race
Mimick briſk Cyder with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servis*' harſheſt juice.

Let ſage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting, and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees anſwer beſt
From root, or kernel: ſhe will beſt the hours
Of harveſt, and ſeed-time declare; by her
The diff'rent qualities of things were found,
And ſecret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and unmoiſt,
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe
The *Indian* weed, * unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whoſe acrimonious fume
Extracts ſuperfluous juices, and refines
The blood diſtemper'd from its noxious ſalts;
Friend to the ſpirits, which with vapors bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleaſantry, and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal ſhell
Warble melodious their well labor'd ſongs.

* Tobacco.

She found the poliſh'd glaſs, whoſe ſmall convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, inviſible elſe, of nature's hand
Leaſt animal; and ſhews, what laws of life
The cheeſe-inhabitants obſerve, and how
Fabrick their manſions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artiſts! but the hidden ways
Of nature wouldſt thou know? how firſt ſhe frames
All things in miniature? thy ſpecular orb
Apply to well diſſected kernels; lo!
Strange forms ariſe, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: obſerve the ſlender threads
Of firſt beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow ſeeds deſcrib'd; thou'lt wond'ring ſay,
An inmate orchat ev'ry apple boaſts.
Thus all things by experience are diſplay'd,
And moſt improv'd. Then ſedulouſly think
To meliorate thy ſtock; no way, or rule
Be unaſſay'd; prevent the morning ſtar
Aſſiduous, nor with the weſtern ſun

Surceaſe to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Conſume in meditation deep, recluſe
From human converſe, nor, at ſhut of eve,
Enjoy repoſe; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking ſtudies, if by chance
Thee I may counſel right; and oft this care
Diſturbs me ſlumbring. Wilt thou then repine
To labor for thyſelf? and rather chooſe
To lie ſupinely, hoping heav'n will bleſs
Thy ſlighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit, when the ſtork, ſworn-foe of ſnakes,
Returns, to ſhew compaſſion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well ſharpen'd now aſſail the ſpreading ſhades
Of vegetables, and their thirſty limbs
Diſſever: for the genial moiſture, due
To apples, otherwiſe miſpends itſelf
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain ſhoots, and empty leaves abound.

When

When ſwelling buds their od'rous foliage ſhed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wiſe
Spare not the little offſprings, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging cluſters thin
By kind avulſion: elſe the ſtarv'ling brood,
Void of ſufficient ſuſtenance, will yield
A ſlender autumn; which the niggard ſoul
Too late ſhall weep, and curſe his thrifty hand,
That would not timely eaſe the pond'rous boughs.
It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gard'ning, how to ſcare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From ſpray to ſpray, ſcooping the coſtlieſt fruit
Inſatiate, undiſturb'd. *Priapus'* form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the falſe terrors of a breathleſs kite,
This done, the timorous flock with ſwifteſt wing
Scud thro' the air; their fancy repreſents
His mortal talons, and his rav'nous beak
Deſtructive; glad to ſhun his hoſtile gripe,

They quit their theſts, and unfrequent the fields.
Beſides, the filthy ſwine will oft invade
Thy firm incloſure, and with delving ſnout
The rooted foreſt undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious maſtiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears,
A ſad memorial of their paſt offence.
The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring
Large ſhoals of ſlow houſe-bearing ſnails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring ſlimy tracts
In the ſleek rinds, and unpreſt Cyder drink.
No art averts this peſt; on thee it lies,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wiſe, wilt thou
Decline this labor, which itſelf rewards
With pleaſing gain, whilſt the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.
Myriads of waſps now alſo cluſtring hang,
And drain a ſpurious honey from thy groves;
Their winter food; tho' oft repulſt, again

They

They rally, undiſmay'd: but fraud with eaſe
Enſnares the noiſome ſwarms; let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viſcous juice;
They by th' alluring odor drawn, in haſte
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crouding ſip
Their palatable bane; joyful thou'lt ſee
The clammy ſurface all o'er-ſtrown with tribes
Of greedy inſects, that with fruitleſs toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid ſhackles bound, 'till death
Bereave them of their worthleſs ſouls: ſuch doom
Waits luxury, and lawleſs love of gain!
 Howe'er thou may'ſt forbid external force,
Inteſtine evils will prevail; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
Of firmeſt fruits, and by unſeen decay
The proper reliſh vitiate: then the grub
Oft unobſery'd invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant, and her ſecret cave

Enlarges

Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaſeleſs; mean-while the apple's outward form
Delectable the witleſs ſwain beguiles,
'Till, with a writhen mouth, and ſpatt'ring noiſe,
He taſtes the bitter morſel, and rejects
Diſreliſht; not with leſs ſurprize, than when
Embattel'd troops with flowing banners paſs
Thro' flow'ry meads delighted, nor diſtruſt
The ſmiling ſurface; whilſt the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive ſtor'd, by ſudden blaze
Burſts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
In fi'ry whirles; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and diſmembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye, to view *Alcinous'* groves,
The pride of the *Phæacian* iſle, from whence,
Sailing the ſpaces of the boundleſs deep,
To *Ariconium* precious fruits arriv'd:
The Pippin burniſht o'er with gold, the Moyle
Of ſweeteſt honey'd taſte, the fair Permain,
Temper'd, like comlieſt nymph, with red and white.

Salopian

Salopian acres flouriſh with a growth
Peculiar, ſtyl'd the *Ottley*: be thou firſt
This Apple to tranſplant, if to the name
Its merit anſwers, no where ſhalt thou find
A wine more prais'd, or laudable of taſte.
Nor does the *Eliot* leaſt deſerve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whoſe wither'd rind, intrencht
With many a furrow, aptly repreſents
Decrepid age, nor that from *Harvey* nam'd,
Quick-reliſhing: why ſhould we ſing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Ruſſet, or the Cats-Head's weighty orb,
Enormous in it's growth, for various uſe
Tho' theſe are meet, tho' after full repaſt
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich deſert?
What, tho' the Pear-tree rival not the worth
Of *Ariconian* products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
Beſt ſcreen thy manſion from the fervent dog
Adverſe to life; the wintry hurricanes

In

In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the ſtrong onſet, and controls their rage.
Chiefly the Boſbury, whoſe large increaſe,
Annual, in ſumptuous banquets claims applauſe.
Thrice acceptable bev'rage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, *Pomona*'s ſelf
Would dread thy praiſe, and ſhun the dubious ſtrife.
Be it thy choice, when ſummer-heats annoy,
To ſit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how ſweet t'enjoy,
At once her fruits, and hoſpitable ſhade!

But how with equal numbers ſhall we match
The Muſk's ſurpaſſing worth! that earlieſt gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the ſpreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings, and cold ſyderal blaſts:
Yet let her to the Red-ſtreak yield, that once
Was of the *Sylvan* kind, unciviliz'd.
Of no regard, 'till *Scudamore*'s ſkilful hand

Improv'd

Improv'd her, and by courtly diſcipline
Taught her the ſavage nature to forget:
Hence ſtyl'd the *Scudamorean* plant: whoſe wine
Who-ever taſtes, let him with grateful heart
Reſpect that ancient loyal houſe, and wiſh
The nobler peer, that now tranſcends our hope
In early worth, his country's juſteſt pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
The Red-ſtreak as ſupreme, whoſe pulpous fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion ſhines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primæval interdicted plant, that won
Fond *Eve* in hapleſs hour to taſte, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inſpires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly muſe
Kindles to loftier ſtrains; ev'n I perceive
Her ſacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Eaſy, whilſt, chear'd with her nectareous juice,
Hers, and my country's praiſes I exalt.

Hail

Hail *Herefordian* plant, that doſt diſdain
All other fields! heav'n's ſweeteſt bleſſing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my ſong,
And thy choice *Nectar*; on which always waits
Laughter, and ſport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendſhip, chief delight of human life,
What ſhou'd we wiſh for more? or why, in queſt
Of foreign vintage, inſincere, and mixt,
Traverſe th' extreameſt world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far ſurmounts
Gallic, or *Latin* Grapes, or thoſe that ſee
The ſetting ſun near *Calpe*'s tow'ring height.
Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Leſbian* vines
Vaunt their rich Muſt, nor let *Tokay* contend
For ſov'ranty; *Phanæus* ſelf muſt bow
To th' *Ariconian* vales: And ſhall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The ſoil lie idle, which, with fit manure,

Will

Will largeſt uſury repay, alone
Impower'd to ſupply what nature aſks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with bat'ning ooze enrich'd,
Give ſpirit to the graſs; three cubits high
The jointed herbage ſhoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with ſtore
Of golden wheat, the ſtrength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Aſcending ſpiral, rang'd in meet array!
Lo, how the arable with Barley-grain
Stands thick, o'erſhadow'd, to the thirſty hind
Tranſporting project! theſe, as modern uſe
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compoſe.
Wholſome, of deathleſs fame. Here, to the ſight,
Apples of price, and plenteous ſheaves of corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; ſo rich the ſoil,
So much does fructuous moiſture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whoſe tops

To

To heav'n aſpire, affording proſpect ſweet
To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Deſcending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verd'rous paſture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich variety
Pleaſing, as when an Emerald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright maſs acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to ſight.
Next add the *Sylvan* ſhades, and ſilent groves,
(Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel; whence the ſturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of *England*'s throne, by ſweating peaſants fell'd;
Stems the vaſt main, and bears tremendous war
To diſtant nations, or with ſov'ran ſway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why ſhou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boaſt
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? can *Tmolus*' head
Vie with our ſaffron odors? or the fleece

Rætic,

Bætic, or finest *Tarentine*, compare
With *Lemster*'s silken wool? where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? in ancient days,
The *Roman* legions, and great *Cæsar* found
Our fathers no mean foes: and *Cressy* plains,
And *Agincourt*, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
What the *Silures* vigour unwithstood
Cou'd do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd Knight,
Puissant author of great *Chandois*' stem,
High *Chandois*, that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer!
That, blest with hoary vigor, view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise senate, and attention win
In deepest councils: *Ariconium* pleas'd,
Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.

Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallic* ſhore,
Him hardy *Britons* bleſs; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The general's conduct, than his care avails.
Thee alſo, glorious branch of *Cecil*'s line,
This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
Thy *Alteruunis* calls: yet ſhe indures
Patient thy abſence, ſince thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the muſe's faireſt ſeat, *
Where † *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endleſs ſtore
Of univerſal knowledge ſtill ſupplies
His noble care; he generous thoughts inſtils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues: by his genius led,
Thou ſoon in every art preeminent
Shalt grace this iſle, and riſe to *Burleigh*'s fame.

* *Oxford.*
† Dr. *Aldrich* Dean of *Chriſt-church.*

Hail

Hail high-born peer! and thou, great nurſe of arts,
And men, from whence conſpicuous patriots ſpring,
Hanmer, and *Bromley*; thou, to whom with due
Reſpect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring; be for ever bleſt
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, ſuch a race of men produce,
As, in the cauſe of virtue firm, may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye gods, this vow
From one, the meaneſt in her numerous train;
Tho' meaneſt, not leaſt ſtudious of her praiſe.

Muſe, raiſe thy voice to *Beaufort*'s ſpotleſs fame,
To *Beaufort*, in a long decent deriv'd
From royal anceſtry, of kingly rights
Faithful aſſerters: in him centring meet
Their glorious virtues, high deſert from pride
Disjoin'd, unſhaken honour, and contempt
Of ſtrong allurements. O illuſtrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,
In her fair liſt this happy land inrolls.

Who can refuſe a tributary verſe
To *Weymouth*, firmeſt friend of ſlighted worth
In evil days? whoſe hoſpitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily gueſts; whoſe board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feaſt-rites old: mean-while his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of ſecret goodneſs, ſhuns the praiſe,
That ſure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous ſhine,
And with thy name to dignify my ſong.

But who is he, that on the winding ſtream
Of *Vaga* firſt drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in *Anna*'s ſecret councils ſits,
Weighing the ſum of things, with wiſe forecaſt
Sollicitous of public good? how large
His mind that comprehends what-e'er was known
To old, or preſent time; yet not elate,
Not conſcious of its ſkill? what praiſe deſerves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,

Preventing

Preventing ſuit? O not unthankful muſe,
Him lowly reverence, that firſt deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and ſkreen'd thee from opprobrious tongues.
Acknowledge thy own *Harley*, and his name
Inſcribe on every bark; the wounded plants
Will faſt increaſe, faſter thy juſt reſpect.
Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or ſkill in peace, and war: of ſofter mold
The female ſex, with ſweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchleſs forms with tranſient glance,
Catch ſudden love, and ſigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
The dædal hand of nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue moſt engaging, free
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honeſt nuptial bed, and in the wane

Of life, rebate the miſeries of age.
And is there found a wretch, ſo baſe of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exacteſt work of heav'n? He ill deſerves
Or love, or pity; friendleſs let him ſee
Uneaſy, tedious days, deſpis'd, forlorn,
As ſtain of human race: but may the man,
That chearfully recounts the females praiſe
Find equal love, and love's untainted ſweets
Enjoy with honour. O, ye gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happieſt choice ſhould be
A fair and modeſt virgin, that invites
With aſpect chaſte, forbidding looſe deſire,
Tenderly ſmiling; in whoſe heav'nly eye
Sits pureſt love enthron'd: but if the ſtars
Malignant, theſe my better hopes oppoſe,
May I, at leaſt, the ſacred pleaſures know
Of ſtricteſt amity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may ſhare
Gladneſs and anguiſh, by kind intercourſe

Of

Of ſpeech, and offices. May in my mind,
Indelible a grateful ſenſe remain
Of favours undeſerv'd!-----O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich, and low ſeek aid; moſt wiſe
Interpreter of right, whoſe gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reaſon; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchſaft, when to the gates of death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd ſhades
I now had wander'd; and theſe empty thoughts
Of apples periſh'd: but, uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afreſh, each night, and day,
Thy unexampled goodneſs to extol
Deſirous; but nor night, nor day ſuffice
For that great taſk; the highly honour'd name
Of *Trevor* muſt employ my willing thoughts
Inceſſant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful, but let far from me

Be fawning cringe, and falſe diſſembling look,
And ſervile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some looſe the bands
Of ancient friendſhip, cancel nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gugaws. Some
Renounce their ſires, oppoſe paternal right
For rule, and pow'r; and other's realms invade,
With ſpecious ſhews of love. This traiterous wretch
Betrays his ſov'ran. Others, deſtitute
Of real zeal, to ev'ry altar bend,
By lucre ſway'd, and act the baſeſt things
To be ſtyl'd honourable: th' honeſt man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door
A jocund pilgrim, tho' diſtreſs'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
Will ſhock his ſteadfaſt ſoul; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meaneſt gain, of preſent goods deſpoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,

Unpity'd,

Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with obſervant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple ſtain
Of cumbrous veſtments, labor'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the croud, and ſet them all agape;
Yet clad in homely weeds, from envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conſcience, nor with ſpectre's griſly forms,
Dæmons, and injur'd ſouls, at cloſe of day
Annoy'd, ſad interrupted ſlumbers finds.
But (as a child, whoſe inexperienc'd age
Nor evil purpoſe fears, nor knows,) enjoys
Night's ſweet refreſhment, humid ſleep ſincere
When Chanticleer, with clarion ſhrill, recalls
The tardy day, he to his labors hies
Gladſome; intent on ſomewhat that may eaſe
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious ſearch
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Foſſils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
Diſplays,

Diſplays, if by his induſtry he can
Benefit human race: or elſe his thoughts
Are exercis'd with ſpeculations deep
Of good, and juſt, and meet, and th' wholſome rules
Of temperance, and ought that may improve
The moral life; not ſedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blaſt the fame
Of harmleſs men, or ſecret whiſpers ſpread,
'Mong faithful friends, to breed diſtruſt and hate
Studious of virtue, he no life obſerves
Except his own, his own employs his cares,
Large ſubject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little ſtock denies
Fit alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.
Thus ſacred *Virgil* liv'd from courtly vice,
And bates of pompous *Rome* ſecure; at court
Still thoughtful of the rural honeſt life,
And how t'improve his grounds, and how himſelf:
Beſt poet! fit exemplar for the tribe
Of *Phœbus*, nor leſs fit *Mæonides*,

Poor

Poor eyeleſs pilgrim! and if after theſe,
If after theſe another I may name,
Thus tender *Spenſer* liv'd, with mean repaſt
Content, depreſs'd by penury, and pine
In foreign realm: yet not debas'd his verſe
By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard,*
Oh, had but he that firſt enobled ſong
With holy rapture, like his *Abdiel* been;
'Mong many faithleſs, ſtrictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he ſhould not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray
And found no dawn, by dim ſuffuſion veil'd!
But he——however, let the muſe abſtain,
Nor blaſt his fame, from whom ſhe learnt to ſing
In much inferior ſtrains, grov'ling beneath
Th' *Olympian* hill, on plains, and vales intent,
Mean follower. There let her reſt a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

* *Milton.*

CYDER.

A POEM.

BOOK II.

CYDER.

BOOK II.

O *Harcourt*, whom th' ingenuous love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native ſoil, beyond
Th' eternal *Alpine* ſnows, and now detains
In *Italy*'s waſte realms, how long muſt we
Lament thy abſence? whilſt in ſweet ſojourn
Thou view'ſt the reliques of old *Rome*; or what
Unrival'd authors by their preſence, made
For ever venerable, rural ſeats,
Tibur, and *Tuſculum*, or *Virgil*'s urn
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Reſpecting his great name, doſt now approach
With bended knee, and ſtrow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook

This

This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And *Britain*'s iſle with *Latian* knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirſt of preeminence; ſee! how the cauſe
Of widows, and of orphans he aſſerts
With winning rhetoric, and well argu'd law!
Mark well his footſteps, and, like him, deſerve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Mean-while (altho' the *Maſſic* grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and *Formian* hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the *Britiſh* vats
O'erflow with generous cyder; far remote
Accept this labour, nor deſpiſe the muſe,
That, paſſing lands, and ſeas, on thee attends.

Thus far of trees: the pleaſing taſk remains,
To ſing of wines, and autumn's bleſt increaſe.
Th' effects of art are ſhewn, yet what avails

'Gainſt

'Gain'ſt heav'n? oft notwithſtanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the ſmall fruit'ry ſeems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blaſt
Diſaſtrous flies, ſoon as the hind fatigu'd,
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unſkill'd
To bear the hot diſeaſe, diſtemper'd pines
In the year's prime, the deadly plague annoys
The wide incloſure; think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus diſappointed: If the former years
Exhibit no ſupplies, alas! thou muſt
With taſteleſs water waſh thy droughty throat.
A thouſand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
'Till luſty autumn's luke-warm days allay'd
With gentle colds, inſenſibly confirm
His ripening labours: autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and ſky-dy'd Plumbs, and what in coat

Rough, or ſoft rind, or bearded huſk, or ſhell;
Fat Olives, and Piſtacio's fragant nut,
And the Pine's taſteful Apple: autumn paints
Auſonian hills with Grapes, whilſt *Engliſh* plains
Bluſh with pomaceous harveſts, breathing ſweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' emboſom'd odors, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whoſe full ag'd ſtore
Diffuſe *Ambroſial* ſteams, than Myrrh, or Nard
More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry Bean!
Soft whiſp'ring airs, and the lark's mattin ſong
Then woo to muſing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irkſome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Beſt portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, ſmiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah,
Short are our joys, and neighb'ring griefs diſturb
Our pleaſant hours. Inclement winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith froſty blaſts deface

The

The blithſome year: trees of their ſhrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreery ſtorms o'er all prevail.
Now, now's the time; ere haſty ſuns forbid
To work, diſburden thou thy ſapleſs wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor; now exhort
Thy hinds to exerciſe the pointed ſteel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a ſturdy poſt
Cylindric, to ſupport the grinder's weight
Exceſſive, and a flexile ſallow' entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor muſt thou not be mindful of thy preſs
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care
Shave the goat's ſhaggy beard, leſt thou too late
In vain ſhould'ſt ſeek a ſtrainer to diſpart
The huſky, terrene dregs, from purer Muſt.
Be cautious next a proper ſteed to find
Whoſe prime is paſt; the vigorous horſe diſdains

Such ſervile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His paſt atchievements, and victorious palms.
Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldly ſtone; with ſober pace
He'll tread the circling path 'till dewy eve,
From early day-ſpring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining, not unuſeful to his lord.

Some, when the preſs, by utmoſt vigour ſcrew'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous maſs, regale their ſwine
With the dry refuſe; thou, more wiſe, ſhalt ſteep
Thy huſks in water, and again employ
The pondrous engine. Water will imbibe
The ſmall remains of ſpirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peaſants blithe
Will quaff, and whiſtle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and ſing of *Fuſca*'s radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medly draught. Nor ſhalt thou now
Reject the Apple-Cheeſe, tho' quite exhauſt;
Ev'n now 'twill cheriſh, and improve the roots
Of ſickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd

Will

Will yield an harveſt of unuſual growth.
Such profit ſprings from huſks diſcreetly us'd!
The tender apples, from their parents rent
By ſtormy ſhocks, muſt not neglected lie,
The prey of worms: A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, ſubdu'd
By endleſs culture, with ſufficient Muſt
His caſks repleniſht yearly: He no more
Deſir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various ſeaſons, and by ſkill repel
Invading peſts, ſucceſsful in his cares,
Till the damp *Libyan* wind, with tempeſts arm'd
Outragious, bluſter'd horrible amidſt
His Cyder-grove: O'er-turn'd by furious blaſts,
The ſightly ranks fall proſtrate, and around
Their fruitage ſcatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
Nor curſe his ſtars; but prudent, his fall'n heaps
Collecting, cheriſh'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded graſs, and the ſun's mellowing beams

Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A coſtly liquor, by improving time
Equal'd with what, the happieſt vintage bears.
But this I warn thee, and ſhall alway warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures uſe, as ſome
With watry Turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated braſs, ſteaming with fire intenſe;
Altho' *Devonia* much commends the uſe
Of ſtrengthning *Vulcan*; with their native ſtrength
Thy wines ſufficient, other aid refuſe;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's compleat,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.
Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The prieſt's appointed ſhare; with chearful heart
The tenth of thy increaſe beſtow, and own
Heav'n's bounteous goodneſs, that will ſure repay
Thy grateful duty: This neglected, fear
Signal avengeance, ſuch as over-took
A miſer, that unjuſtly once with-held

The

The clergy's due, relying on himſelf,
His fields he tended, with ſucceſsleſs care,
Early, and late, when, or unwiſh't for rain
Deſcended, or unſeaſonable froſts
Curb'd his increaſing hopes, or when around
The clouds dropt fatneſs, in the middle ſky
The dew ſuſpended ſtaid, and left unmoiſt
His execrable glebe: Recording this,
Be juſt, and wiſe, and tremble to tranſgreſs.

Learn now, the promiſe of the coming year
To know, that by no flattering ſigns abus'd,
Thou wiſely may'ſt provide: The various moon
Prophetic, and attendant ſtars explain
Each riſing dawn; ere icy cruſts ſurmount
The current ſtream, the heav'nly orbs ſerene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and *Cynthia* glows
With light unſully'd: Now the fowler, warn'd
By theſe good omens, with ſwift early ſteps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging thro' fields and glades

Offenfive to the birds, ſulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedleſs while they
ſtrain
Their tuneful throats, the tow'ring, heavy lead
O'er-takes their ſpeed; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds precipitant to earth.
The woodcock's early viſit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harveſt; he of times
Intelligent, th' harſh *Hyperborean* ice
Shuns for our equal winters; when our ſun's
Cleave the chill'd ſoil, be backward wings his way
To *Scandinavian* frozen ſummers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent ſnows: O, may'ſt thou often ſee
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutriceous! ſecret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quick'ning the languid glebe.
Sometimes thou ſhalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind; the orchat loves to wave
With

With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads; the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.
Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their pow'rful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has *Jove*
Indulgent to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slack
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Rasps supply
Delicious draughts; the Quinces now, or Plumbs,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit
Are prest to wines; the *Britons* squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees, and mixing od'rous herbs
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient fires.
But, if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks wou'dst brew;
Besides the orchat, ev'ry hedge and bush
Affords

Affords assistance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
Unforc'd display ten thousand painted flow'rs
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain,
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervors, best
Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.
Happy *Iërne*, * whose most wholsome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore!
More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd,) which wide

* *Ireland.*

Extend

Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Preſent redreſs, and lively health convey.
See, how the *Belgæ*, ſedulous, and ſtout,
With bowls of fat'ning Mum, or bliſsful cups
Of kernel-reliſh'd fluids, the fair ſtar
Of early *Phoſphorus* ſalute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-riſing fumes! by uſe
Inſtructed, thus to quell their native flegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.
What need to treat of diſtant climes, remov'd
Far from the ſloping journey of the year,
Beyond *Petſora*, and Iſlandic coaſts?
Where ever-during ſnows, perpetual ſhades
Of darkneſs, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the *Arctic* tract, ſpontaneous yield
A chearing purple berry, big with wine,
Intenſely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of ſtrongeſt Brandy, yet ſcarce with theſe aids
Enabled

Enabled to prevent the ſudden rot
Of freezing noſe, and quick-decaying feet.
Nor leſs the ſable borderers of *Nile*,
Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor they,
Whom ſunny *Borneo* bears, are ſtor'd with ſtreams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's ſpirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet ſhades, and *Thraſcias'* gales,
Pining with *Æquinoctial* heat, unleſs
The cordial glaſs perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they cloſe their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often interrupted ſleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, elſe minutely to death
Obnoxious, diſmal death, th' effect of drought!
More happy they, born in *Columbus'* world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotten plant
With downy-ſprouting veſts arrays! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once

Celeſtial

Celeſtial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemmon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous ſpirits added (heav'nly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine, ceaſeleſs draw
Intent on laughter; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilerating fount. As, when
Againſt a ſecret cliff, with ſudden ſhock
A ſhip is daſh'd, and leaking drinks the ſea,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mariners ay ply the pump,
No ſtay, nor reſt, 'till the wide breach is clos'd.
So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, ſtill move
The draining ſucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleaſing work.

But if to hording thou art bent, thy hopes
Are fruſtrate, ſhould'ſt thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The horded ſtore,
And the harſh draught, muſt twice endure the ſun's
Kind ſtrengthning heat, twice winter's purging colds.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough

Rough Eliot, ſweet Permain, the blended ſtreams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleaſurable medly, of what taſte
Hardly diſtinguiſh'd; as the ſhow'ry arch,
With lifted colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watry brede, with thouſand ſhews
Of painture vary'd, yet's unſkill'd to tell
Or where one color riſes, or one faints.

Some cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine reliſh, and of ſundry vines
Aſſum'd the flavour; one ſort counterfeits
The *Spaniſh* product; this, to *Gauls* has ſeem'd
The ſparkling Nectar of Champaigne; with that,
A *German* oft has ſwill'd his throat, and ſworn,
Deluded, that imperial *Rhine* beſtow'd
The generous rummer, whilſt the owner pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his gueſts, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cyder caſk.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells

Of

Of close preſt husks is freed, thou muſt refrain
Thy thirſty ſoul; let none perſuade to breach
Thy thick, unwholſome, undigeſted cades:
The hoary froſts, and northern blaſts take care
Thy muddy bev'rage to ſerene, and drive
Precipitant the baſer, ropy lees.
And now thy wine's tranſpicuous, purg'd from all
It's earthy groſs, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat refuſe, leſt too ſoon disjoin'd
From ſprightly, it, to ſharp, or vapid change.
When to convenient vigor it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; ſelf-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, thro' the vent
Aſcending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into ſubject veſſels, lovely clear.
As when a noon-tide ſun, with ſummer beams,
Darts thro' a cloud, her watry skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undroſſy gold:
So, and ſo richly, the purg'd liquid ſhines.

Now

Now alſo, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full ſummer ſhines, a dubious ſeaſon, cloſe
In glaſs thy purer ſtreams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, ſpirit, and flavour new.
For this intent, the ſubtle chymiſt feeds
Perpetual flames, whoſe unreſiſted force
O'er ſand, and aſhes, and the ſtubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fuſil ſea,
That in his furnace bubbles ſanny-red:
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd ſteel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a ſurprizing cube, or ſphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plaſtic lungs,
To human life ſubſervient; by his means
Cyders in metal frail improve the Moyle,
And taſteful Pippin, in a moon's ſhort year,
Acquire compleat perfection: Now they ſmoke
Tranſparent, ſparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.

But

But harſher fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy flaſk will ſlowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughneſs. *Stirom*, firmeſt fruit,
Embottled (long as *Priameian Troy*
Withſtood the *Greeks*) endures, ere juſtly mild.
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigor gains,
Fallacious drink! ye honeſt men beware,
Nor truſt its ſmoothneſs; the third circling glaſs
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
(That ſlyly ſpeak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the reliſh weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by inchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts diſcloſe,
And thro' intemp'rance grow awhile ſincere.

The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature,
Now call for vent, his lands exhauſt permit
T' indulge awhile. Now ſolemn rites he pays
To *Bacchus*, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honeſt friends, at thirſty hour of duſk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand

Imparts his ſmoking vintage, ſweet reward
Of his own induſtry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles inceſſant, whilſt the humble cell
With quavering laugh, and rural jeſts reſounds.
Eaſe, and content, and undiſſembled love
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour paſt
Encreaſe their joy. As, from retentive cage
When ſullen *Philomel* eſcapes, her notes
She varies, and of paſt impriſonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her ſad ſoul, improves her pleaſing ſong.
Gladſome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temp'rance, nor incroach on night,
Seaſon of reſt, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with unſupplanted feet.
Ere heav'n's emblazon'd by the roſy dawn
Domeſtic cares awake them; briſk they riſe,
Refreſh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds

Preſent

Preſent redreſs, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy *Lucinda*. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are ſhort, and few; yet when he drinks
His dread retires, the flowing glaſſes add
Courage, and mirth: magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the goal expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet *Bacchus'* praiſe indite,
Debarr'd his grape: The muſes ſtill require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring *Phœbus*, with unmoiſten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirſt allur'd: With vehement ſuns
When dufty ſummer bakes the crumbling clods
How pleaſant is't, beneath the twiſted arch
Of a retreating bow'r, in mid-days reign
To ply the ſweet carouſe, remote from noiſe,
Secur'd of fev'riſh heats! when th' aged year
Inclines, and *Boreas* ſpirit bluſters frore,
Beware th' inclement heav'ns; now let thy hearth

Crackle with juiceleſs boughs; thy lingring blood
Now inſtigate with th' apple's pow'rful ſtreams.
Perpetual ſhow'rs, and ſtormy guſts confine
The willing plowman, and *December* warns
To annual jollities; now ſportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms, with ſuiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; ſturdy ſwains
In clean array, for ruſtic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damſels; hand in hand
They friſk, and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Tranſported, and ſometimes, an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, ſometimes an haſty kiſs
Steal from unwary laſſes; they with ſcorn,
And neck reclin'd, reſent the raviſh'd bliſs.
Mean-while, blind *Britiſh* bards with volant touch
Traverſe loquacious ſtrings, whoſe ſolemn notes
Provoke to harmleſs revels; theſe among,
A ſubtle artiſt ſtands, in wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds, (of gentler ſort
Than

Than thoſe, which erſt *Laertes'* ſon enclos'd.)
Peaceful they ſleep, but let the tuneful ſqueeze
Of labouring elbow rouſe them, out they fly
Melodious, and with ſprightly accents charm.
'Midſt theſe diſports, forget they not to drench
Themſelves with bellying goblets, nor when ſpring
Returns, can they refuſe to uſher in
The freſh-born year with loud acclaim, and ſtore
Of jovial draughts, now, when the ſappy boughs
Attire themſelves with blooms, ſweet rudiments
Of future harveſt: When the *Gneſſian* crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Diſcharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon nature, that thus annually ſupplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilerate their languid minds, within
The golden Mean confin'd; Beyond there's naught
Of health, or pleaſure. Therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager ſoul
Prompts to purſue the ſparkling glaſs, be ſure

'Tis time to ſhun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith reaſon quits
Her empire to confuſion, and miſrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conſpire in ſenſeleſs jargon, naught is heard
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant:
Diſtruſt, and jealouſy to theſe ſucceed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowſhip. Now horrid frays
Commence, the brimming glaſſes now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles claſh
In rude encounter, round their temples fly
The ſharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd cheeks
Mixt gore, and cyder flow: What ſhall we ſay
Of raſh *Elpenor*, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeaſurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his ſurfeit by irriguous ſleep,
Imprudent! him, death's iron-ſleep oppreſt,
Deſcending careleſs from his couch; the fall

Luxt

Luxt his neck-joint, and ſpinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Inteſtine ſtone, and pining atrophy,
Chill, even when the ſun with *July*-heats
Fries the ſcorch'd ſoil, and dropſy all-a-float,
Yet craving liquids: Nor the *Centaurs* tale
Be here repeated; how with luſt, and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and ſpilt their drunken ſouls
At feaſting hour. Ye heav'nly pow'rs that guard
The *Britiſh* iſles, ſuch dire events remove
Far from fair *Albion*, nor let civil broils
Ferment from ſocial cups: May we, remote
From the hoarſe, brazen ſound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with ſeemly draughts
Enkindle mirth, and hoſpitable love.
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our ſwords in native blood, too oft has pride,

And helliſh diſcord, and inſatiate thirſt,
Of other's rights, our quiet diſcompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell deſtruction rag'd
Wide-ſpreading, when by *Eris'* torch inflam'd
Our father's warr'd? what hero's, ſignaliz'd
For loyalty, and proweſs, met their fate
Untimely, undeſerv'd! how *Bertie* fell,
Compton, and *Granvill*, dauntleſs ſons of *Mars*,
Fit themes of endleſs grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet ſurviving in their race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headſtrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance ſworn?
Apoſtate, atheiſt rebels! bent to ill,
With ſeeming ſanctity, and cover'd fraud,
Inſtill'd by him, who firſt preſum'd t'oppoſe
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike; theſe triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice, and inſulting pride,
Abſtain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd!

Unparallel'd! O *Charles*, O beſt of Kings!
What ſtars their black diſaſtrous influence ſhed
On thy nativity, that thou ſhoud'ſt fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By thoſe, thy mercy only wou'd have ſav'd!
Yet was the cyder-land unſtain'd with guilt;
The cyder-land obſequious ſtill to thrones,
Abhorr'd ſuch baſe diſloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into ſwords,
Undaunted, to aſſert the trampled rights
Of monarchy; but, ah! ſucceſsleſs ſhe,
However faithful! then was no regard
Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic ſway, 'till fair-revolving years
Our exil'd Kings, and liberty reſtor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty ANNA's care
Secure at home, while ſhe to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and reſtrains

The

The rage of Kings: Here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: From her hand alone
All *Europe* fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O *Albion!* sever'd from the world
By nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one supreme
Intirely blest; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire
Of rule, and grandeur, multiply'd a race
Of Kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal: For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havoc, and dismay, 'till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion: Thus was peace in vain
Sought

Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict ſtern:
'Till *Edgar* grateful, (as to thoſe who pine
A diſmal half-year night, the orient beam
Of *Phœbus'* lamp) aroſe, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending pow'rs,
Pacifick monarch; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The ſpirit of love; at eaſe, the bards new ſtrung
Their ſilent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhythms, to echo *Edgar's* name.
Then gladneſs ſmil'd in ev'ry eye; the years
Ran ſmoothly on, productive of a line
Of wiſe, heroic Kings, that by juſt laws
Eſtabliſh'd happineſs at home, or cruſh'd
Inſulting enemies in fartheſt climes.
See lion-hearted *Richard*, with his force
Drawn from the north, to *Jury's* hallow'd plains!
Piouſly valiant, like a torrent ſwell'd
With wintry tempeſts, that diſdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its ſweep, trees, houſes, men) he preſs'd

Amidſt

Amidſt the thickeſt battel; and o'er-threw
What-e'er withſtood his zealous rage; no pauſe
No ſtay of ſlaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving ſquadrons turn'd to flight
Smote in the rear, and with diſhoneſt wounds
Mangled behind: The *Soldan*, as he fled,
Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnaſhing with deſpite,
And ſhame, and murmur'd many an empty curſe.
Behold third *Edward*'s ſtreamers blazing high
On *Gallia*'s hoſtile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance; O imprudent *Gauls*,
Relying on falſe hopes, thus to incenſe
The warlike *Engliſh!* one important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts: Eager of fight,
Fierce *Brutus* off-ſpring to the adverſe front
Advance reſiſtleſs, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce; the mighty force
Of *Edward*, twice o'erturn'd their deſperate King,
Twice he aroſe, and join'd the horrid ſhock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd ſuperior ſtrength,
Diſcomfited;

Diſcomfited; purſu'd, in the ſad chace
Ten thouſands ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float: Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,
With golden *Iris* his broad ſhield emboſs'd.
Thrice glorious prince! whom, fame with all her tongues
For ever ſhall reſound. Yet from his loins
New authors of diſſention ſpring; from him
Two branches, that in hoſting long contend
For ſov'ran ſway; and can ſuch anger dwell
In nobleſt minds? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendſhip; every man, as lead
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge: Now horrid ſlaughter reigns;
Sons againſt fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careleſs of duty, and their native grounds
Diſtain with kindred blood, the twanging bows
Send ſhow'rs of ſhafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you ſee
Barons, and peaſants on th' embattled field
Slain,

Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghaſtly heap
Promiſcuouſly amaſt: With diſmal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; ſome o'erturn'd
In the fierce ſhock, lie gaſping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery courſers; horror thus,
And wild uproar, and deſolation reign'd
Unreſpited: Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has fate
Reſerv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of *Tudor*'s race, whom in the womb of time
Cadwallador foreſaw! thou, thou art he,
Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial rites
Muſt cloſe the gates of *Janus*, and remove
Deſtructive diſcord: Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor ſhrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy, and pleaſure open to the view
Uninterrupted! with preſaging ſkill
Thou to thy own uniteſt *Fergus*' line
By wiſe alliance; from thee *James* deſcends,

Heav'n's

Heav'n's choſen fav'rite, firſt *Britannic* King.
To him alone, hereditary right
Gave pow'r ſupreme; yet ſtill ſome ſeeds remain'd
Of diſcontent; two nations under one,
In laws and int'reſt diverſe, ſtill purſu'd
Peculiar ends, on each ſide reſolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the ſweet proſpect of a mutual gain,
Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *Anna* ſaid
Let there be Union; ſtrait with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indiſſolubly firm; from *Dubris* ſouth,
To northern *Orcades*, her long domain.
And now thus leagu'd by an eternal bond,
What ſhall retard the *Britons* bold deſigns,
Or who ſuſtain their force; in union knit,
Sufficient to withſtand the pow'rs combin'd
Of all this globe? at this important act
The *Mauritanian* and *Cathaian* Kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*
Dreads

Dreads war from utmoſt *Thule*; uncontrol'd
The *Britiſh* navy thro' the ocean vaſt
Shall wave her double croſs, t'extreameſt climes
Terrific, and return with od'rous ſpoils
Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus'* wealth,
Pearl, and barbaric gold; mean-while the ſwains
Shall unmoleſted reap, what plenty ſtrows
From well ſtor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, ſhall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whoſe liquid ſtore
Abundant, flowing in well blended ſtreams,
The natives ſhall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by *Bellona's* wrath
In other realms; where-e'er the *Britiſh* ſpread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffuſive, to the utmoſt bounds of this
Wide univerſe, *Silurian* cyder borne
Shall pleaſe all taſtes, and triumph o'er the vine.

FINIS.